

Don Zara Del Fogo :  
A  
*Mock-Romance.*

Written Originally in the Brittish  
Tongue, and made English by a  
person of much Honor,

BASILIUS MUSOPHILUS.

WITH A  
*Marginall Comment*  
Expounding the hard things of  
the History.

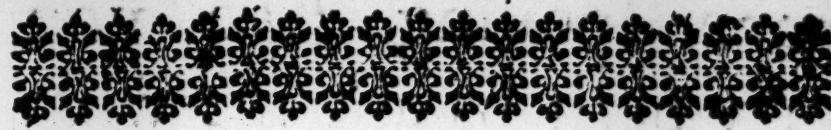
*Si foret in terris rideret Democritus.*



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To the most Nobly ac-  
complished,  
ROBERT, THOMAS, and JOHN  
SPENCER, Esquires.

**I**N this Scribbling Age,  
when the *Writing Evill*  
(a disease that in time  
will destroy us) is become  
epidemicall, it being a mat-  
ter of more intricacy to  
 finde seven fools now, then  
 it was formerly to finde  
 seven wise men through-  
 out all *Greece*; I say in this  
 paper-

paper-spoiling Age you  
may perhaps ask me what  
Scribbling fiend prompted  
me also to vex the world  
in print, and do more mis-  
chief then five whirlwinds;  
I answer, first, that the ge-  
nius of the place where I  
then resided would needs  
command it: Secondly, my  
self found some kinde of  
pleasure in the penning it:  
And lastly, because it could  
not find a fellow for me-  
thod, it being indeed a most  
ferious piece of Drollery,

but

but no blown fooleries, or  
windy poor bladders, I  
confess a wanton method.

Here you may perceive  
a valiant and thrice renouned  
Knight, surrounded  
with all the bewitching  
snares of beauty and excess  
having almost surrendered  
himself a slave to sensuality  
break through all those  
blandishments that have so  
long effeminated his manly  
heart, and (with Spencers  
*Eaery Herōe*) return to the  
ruin of Gyants and Mon-  
sters. If

If I may but find a candid  
reception from you (noble  
Gentlemen) I have all my  
Ambition aymes at : as for  
the other sort of people, I  
know their thoughts, and  
how their pulses beat, they  
have the gift of impudence  
let them be thankful, every  
man is not born to such  
bravery, I had rather get  
the Pox then their friend-  
ships, who are profest and  
mortall enemies to those  
honourable and luminous  
principles you own, and to

The humblest of your servants,

B. M.



# Don Zara del Fogo:

A  
*Mock-Romance.*



## CHAP. I.

*Don Zara his descent. The description  
of his Shield, and Martiall Furniture.  
His invocation, and setting forth to seek  
Adventures.*

T was now about that mungrell hour when the black-brow'd night, and greyey'd morning strove for superiority, when the mirror of Martiall spirits *Don Zara del Fogo* sweeping the somniferous God from off his ample front with that Broom of Heaven his face-pounding fist, entered into serious contemplation of

the renowned Acts of his most Noble Ancestors, *Thifram* the terrible and the great *Lancelot of the Lake*, so ravishing were those heroick Rhapsodies, that (upon mature chew of the cud) the Champion began to tax himself of tardity, as not having accumulated that Fame, which at the price of so

\* See the legend of Don Sordido Knight of the Driping pan, written by the Author of *Cassandra*.

\* eminent dangers he had so hotly hunted after; this second cogitation had but a while combated with the first, when he summons the Squire of his body *Soto*, who lay soundly sleeping at his beds feet, commanding him (since himself never knew Letters) to read the Chronicle History of Saint George, who bathed his body in the bloody bowels of a fell Dragon, or the like Atchievement of Sir *Elamore*, or the hard Quest of Sir *Topaz* after the Queen of *Elues* to *Barwick*, or of Sir *Guy* and the fierce Boar of *Boston*; Sir quoth *Soto* (who had hardly gained sight enough to see his Master) you were wont to take great pleasure in hearing the redoubted Adventures of Sir *Bevis*, surnamed *Southampton*; and *The Knight of the Sun*; that, that quoth the Champion, the Knight of the Sun's actions

actions would put fire into a flint stone, animate a Log, and make a wooden leg to walk; *Soto* had not long led his Master by the large eares

(\* for our Champion boasted a long-

linckt Genealogie, from the Phrygian King *Midas*, a hundred fourscore and fourteen descents by the fathers side)

\* *Don Zara*  
descended  
of the stock  
of Kings,  
see Cambd.

but suddenly deserting his bed, he *Avisoe.*

ceazed (\* all naked as he was) on his naked Sword, that Thunder-crack of terror *Slay-a-Cow*, the very same that he lately won on *Manta-Mole-bill* from

\* For it was  
the custom  
of the  
Knights of  
that age to  
wear no  
thirts.

the great Gyant *Phrenedecrenobroso*, the son of *Pediculo*, and leaning thereon like the legitimate Heyr of *Mars*, he very attentively hoorded up the treasures of true Magnanimity. At every close where the Knight ei her wounded the Gyant, or rescued the Lady, in token of the ardency he bare to such illustrious Acts, he gave liberty to his nayles to bring blood from ei ther buttock, for such was the ranckness of his courage, that not onely his soul, but his skin had a perpetuall itching after honourable A:tempts, augmented by a herd of small Cattel, which some Authors will have to be

the Genuisses of deceased Worthies, all waiting upon this man of men,

\* This is spoken with all reverence to Antiquity, which we ought lightly to question.

which I confess \* I cannot credit since it was Soto's custome (in order to his Masters special command) every morning to kill some of them ; but the cheerfull Lady of the Light, old Tyttons tender-skin'd Madam, appearing our Champion, commanded his trusty Squire to buckle on his Armour ; too

\* This needs no clavis.

long (quoth he) have we \* Padlockt Fames Tongue, not administering any tittle tattle to that tell-tale Goddess ; Soto amaz'd at his Masters mood, soon girds that Sword about him which had often made head-strong Gyants to reel, the flinty-edged *Slay-a-Cow*, putting a Buckler fashioned like a Spanis' Ruffe (full half yard deep) about his neck, in which with wondrous Art was pourtrayed the thrice-famous story of that renowned Combat betwixt those two Arcadian Heros, *Clinias* and *Dametas*, as I have seen those pair of Champions \* drawn to the life in Canvas against the walls of a mean Mansion made for good fellowship ; those Bucklers that \* *Hom*er and *Virgil* have fashioned for A

\* Whether by Vandike or Hilliard, is not certainly known.

\* Two excellent forgers.

chikes

cbilles and *Aeneas*, were but the varnishes of some Indian hand compared with this rare piece of Sculpture, about the Reverse whereof was this Distich (which some attribute to *Linus*, others to *Hesiod*) ingraven,

This Shield by Vulcan  
was in Lemnos forged,  
That it might serve  
Don Zara for a Gorget.

His Mace\* bearing the figure of a *Enigma*  
Cambrian Fig *Soto* hanged at his *Saddle* *trically, intimating,*  
bow, for he had abjured the use of *that he ca-*  
a Spear since that fatall Tournament *red not a fig*  
in *Utopia*, when a splinter of his Lance *for the*  
forced it self against the face of the *stoutest an-*  
truly *San&imonious Matron Bard-*  
*whore-a*; then seating himself on the *tagonist.*  
back of good Steed *Founder-foot* (a  
hors not to be bettered in *Phœbus* Sta-  
ble for the flownce or the frisk, and  
all the fashions of a prauincing Pal-  
fray) he appointed *Soto* to Lacquey by  
his side, committing himself to the  
guidance of Fortune: *Soto* was ar-  
med (not so much for his own preser-  
vation as his Lords defence) with an

\* This kind \* Ashen plant, made tough by Time,  
 of weapon  
 the old Ro. and pointed with steel, his brain was  
 mans term- bound about with a Monmouth Tur-  
 ed a pile ; band, and his back and breast bul-  
 the Arabi- warkt with impenetrable Past-boord,  
 ans that bor- der upon I- so that he who had seen our Champi-  
 taly a Jave- on and his Attendant, could not but  
 In; the have fancied the mighty Primalion  
 Brittais a and his Page, or the famous Bragado-  
 half-pike. chio and his man Trompart ; nor could  
 See Scaliger  
 de usu clubi- the piety of our Champion permit  
 bus, l. 6. p. 16000. him to castigate his Courser for the  
 mending of his pace, till he had offe-  
 red up this solemn Orayson to the  
 \* Some may \* souls of those deceased Worthies,  
 perhaps ga- whose complicated lustre creates that  
 ther, from hence that splendent path, called The Milkie way.

Our Cham-  
 pion was a  
 papist, or at  
 least papis-  
 tically in-  
 clined, but  
 they ought  
 to know  
 that their  
 opinion is  
 no way war-  
 ranted by  
 Antiquity.

O Mervin, Mervin, (quoth he) thou  
 mighty Son of the munificent Oger, who  
 at one stroke didst pare array three heads  
 from off the shoulders of an Orke begotten  
 by an Incubus ! Thou George the great  
 Champon of Chriſtendom (the true Apol-  
 lo) who for the sake of the Sultans daugh-  
 ter, destroyedſt a Python ſix acres in  
 length ; Then Amadis de Gaule, who  
 encountredſt with a Dragon and a Devil  
 at once ; Thou Palmerin de Oliva, who

(by

## Chap. I. DEL FOGO.

(by vertue of a Wart on thy nose) didst so many times passe the Ægean Seas in a Shallop contrived all of Coney-skins; and thou Errant Knight of the Ruby Rose; Look down ye immortall Essences of never-dying Fulgor, let your spirits be \* centred and centupled in me whose \* heart is of a size sufficient to retain all your Excellencies, and in whose ample brest there lodges as sublime a Soul as ever yet Nature coffin'd up in a Carkas composed of a metal more robust then that of Roderigo, or Rud-Hudrinbrass.

\* Centred and centupled, meaning hid and hundrifide.

\* By this it appeares that his heart was hollow.

This Ejaculation was no sooner sooner extincket, but Soto (enamoured on his Lords perfections, as if he had been inspircd by one of Agrippa's holy Demons) began to shake his skull very strangely, rowling his eyes like Abraham in Sands his Show, insomuch that our Champion (could it have been possible for that thing call'd Fear to build in his brest) had fled from the face of his faithfull Servitor; but to put a period to his anxiety, Soto thrust forth these numbers, in a tone almost equall to \* Stentors, the presages of

\* Stentor was a Greek Cryer of the court to K. Agamemnon. Homer Ilii.

DO<sup>N</sup> Z A R A Book. I.  
his Masters incomparable, incompre-  
hensible performances.

L Ace on thy Helmit,  
 L mighty man of valour,  
 Fortune shall never squeeze thee  
 with her squalour :  
 Fierce Knights and crnell Beasts,  
 with many a Gyant,  
 Thy charmed steel shall make  
 both smooth and plyant ;  
 The fickle Goddess  
 on thy horses Crupra,  
 (As her best boast)  
 has fixed her Nil-supra,  
 For things beyond belief  
 thou shalt atchieve-a,  
 Which shall make after times  
 to grutch and grieve-a,  
 When they shall finde thou hast  
 as brave a Plea-as  
 The great Achilles,  
 and the stout Æneas :  
 O therefore of thy Fame  
 be no neglector,  
 Thou that art born  
 to rivall glorious Hector :  
 Were there a Troy besieg'd,  
 and thou within it,

Not Greece, nor Gallo-Belgica  
could win it;

Troylus should live,

so Rhæsus and Sarpedon,  
Achilles dye on's wounds,

and Ajax bleed on:

All that's Magnanimous,  
or bigh, or rare-a,

Being lockt up in the brest  
of our Don Zara.

Heightned with this poeticall Prophesie (the Brittish \* Proverb being verified by this brace of brave ones) our Champion already fancied him-self fighting with Gogmagog, or *Gargantua* for the moity of the Universe; but so unfortunate was he this very first day of his most memorable resolve, that desired Adventurs offered it self, neither fierce *Lyon*, nor furious *Bear*, yelling *Dragon*, foaming *Boar*, or angry *Antilope*, no perjured Knight to fight withall, or injur'd Lady to infranchise, no Magicall Wharfe, so that the Champion did not causlesly curse so calm a Climate, that afforded no viands for Valour to feed on; Thus chewing the cud of courage, he rode

\* Trim tram,  
&c.

\* This was somthing too mean a recep-  
tacle for so accomplished an Heroe.

\* Called in old time a red Lettice, the signal of something that tends to good-fellow-  
ship. See Causabon de struturibus & liquidibus, lib. 90.

\* That very Lucius An-  
neus Seneca, who wrot of temperance and Forti-  
tude, yet livd like an effe-  
minate Epi-  
cure, and dyed like a  
pusilanimous Coward.

rode on in much vexation, till the approaching night warned him to take shelter, which Fortune favourably allotted him, for at the foot of a huge mountain, whose head knockt against the Clouds, a \* Cottage with a \* chequered Portall, Piriwig'd with thatch, and lined with mud, offered it self for his entertainment, its course out-side was no les then a corasive to our Champions conscience, but he had heard of \* Seneca's Aviso, that, *The wifest and strongest men ought to stoop to Time and Fate*; and threfore making a halt at the door of this sedgie structure, he alighted from his good Steed, and demanded hospitable treat of the Captain of that carowsing Citude, tadel, who (in much astonishment) gave a trembling reception to himself and Soto.

CHAP.



## CHAP. II.

Zara and Soto their entertainment in the Cottage, their Host (looking upon the Champions fist) tells him his Fortune, and recites a Copy of verses, with other remarkable passages.

Our Champions carkass was not more harrassed with tedious tra-vaile, then his colon crammed with an accustomed vacuity, for he having been managed to this maturity with Mares Milk, though he boasted not the strength, yet he retained the stomach of a horse ; the first thing therefore debated on by our Don, was (as an Inquisitor) what food the Farmery afforded ? the Host after many cringes began to excuse his unpreparedness ; his bed-Cockatrice seconding him with an old-brew'd Apologie, but quoth mine Host (who in all respects resembled that\* Robert of the Vale,

\* This Roberts surname was Booker, a maker of Almanacks, he had two handsome daughters & kept a Wine Ale-house. See the Engliſh Chron. who

who foretold the landing of *Henry the 7<sup>th</sup>.*) if your worshipfull Excellency shall deign to accepte of such provaunt as at the present your servant can purvay, your worshipfull Excellency will eternally oblige me: Pray thee (quoth *Zara*) leave thy prate, and provide such sustenance as my merit commands, and thy estate permits; for by the soul of *Cæsar*, I am as hungry as an Ostrich, and could digest a bar of Iron bigger then an ordinary Main-Mast: The Astrologers (I am afraid) keep such \* *Houses* as thine when they sup on sides of *Taurus*, and joynts of *Aries*: My guts quoth *Soto*, are contorted like a Dragons-tayle, in Elf-knots, as if some Tripe-wife had tackt them together for Chitterlings: The Host wondred at these eare expressions, and concluded that the Champion had bin lately upon some Adventure fasting; while meat was making ready, the merry Host exhorts his Guests to a free *Carowse*, beginning a Health to *Charle-maine*, which *Don Zara* not refused, and commanding *Soto* to the same celebration; remember (quoth he) the great

\* Being twelve in all. See Merlinus *Anglicus de Staribus & ejus manifonibus; tract. 10000*

great Duke of Drowndland, whose Champion I am, and his sole Heire the most illustrious and divinely fair, *Morphema del Stupratia*. *Soto* was ever an obedient servant to his Master, especially if the injunction had any dependence on the pot or the spit, and therefore he failed not in the premises, so that *Bacchus* has almost baulkt *Ceres*, and our Champion is now more drink then dyet: But by this time

\* Supper is served up, but neither Hostess nor Host can be perswaded to sit down, but they waited on the Champion and his o'r-grown Page as incompatibly, as if *Homer* had made *Nestor* and *Hecuba* to dance attendance after *Dioned* and *Teucer*; they fast to admire *Zara*, and pray that them-selvs may escape the stroak of his \* steel, the Champion making it appear by the terribleness of his teeth, that he dares tear the strongest opposite in pieces: Nor was *Soto*'s courage much inferiour to his Masters, who eats and talks, making his stories the parenthesis of his meals, what Fiction reports of mad *Ajax*, that having kill'd a Sheep, fancied he had

slain

\* It were needless to mention the covering of the Table, or ranking and filing of the dishes.

\* O: Knise;

slain Agamemnon, is here prov'd true, for every gaping Orifice that our Champion created, most lamentably butchered his Host, what wide wounds he gives Routing all before him; so that he must trust to tradition, that should say such and such once were: But at last his fury began to be asswaged, being grown weary of the work of death, he sheathed his Fauchion, and commanded a bowl of the same cratonian liquor to be brought, which after a trebble pledge, abolishes all nicity \* and makes the Heroe and his Host look like one another, the four which make the Family now tipple promiscuously; \* His Excellency enforces the parity, who (big with fancy) narrates his severall Encounters, Onslaughts, and Batteries, his infranchising of intrhalled Ladies, his finishing Inchantments, his inquests at home, and Conquests in forreigne Countries, his binding of Gyants in brazen Gyves, and driving out the souls of Dragons and Dæmons; His Host and Hostess listning as attentively as if the Lecture of the *Seven Champions* were now reading: But, quoth

\* Such is the potent vigor of Ale.

\* Not that he was a Leveller, but being of the same humor of som kings, who play at Nine-pins with their Pages, yet thereby neither subiect their persons nor their powers.

my

my Host, if your Highness please I can inform you of your future Fate by an infallible Rule which I once learned of an old Gypsie in Monmouthshire, who pen'd it in Monosyllables, please to afford your victorious palm ; these last words were more terrible to our Champion then the points of a thousand Swords, imagining that his Host would hint that old Maxime in Palmistry, *viz.* the farcing of the fist with a piece of silver ; but this terrour was soon taken away by his Hostess ready reception of his hand, who (having gently wiped away that filth, which lay at the foot of his *mons veneris* with his spittle, began for to foretell many future events, and amongst the rest predicted, that such a year of his life the Champion should be \* beholding \* Not that he should be condemned to be hangd. to his book for his persons safety : This Clause made *Don Zara* ( who knew that his neck could not be protected by his tongue) to laugh heartily, which his Host perceiving (though angry that his Art should not finde a more serious welcome) he said, I find that your worshipfull Highness had rather be busied about some more merry

merry imployment; I confess Palmistry is so profound a Science, that few or \* none upon earth understand it: Behold Sir a Copy of Verses that our Vicar lately composed (on St. Valentins day) occasioned by a great \* Feast made by Maier of Quinborough, a City not above half a league distant from hence; then pulling out a bag of the best Buckram, the Champion having commanded silenee, mine Host began to read the following numbers.

a The old  
Maier.

b The new  
Maier.

c The Al-  
dermen.

d An old  
wife.

e You may  
smell out  
the meane-  
ing.

**S**At turn grown old, the Gods agree,  
b Jove should assume his Soveraignty,  
And become chief; a solemn day  
Appointed, when the Gods most gay,  
(Attair'd in habits rare and strange)  
Came to be witness of this change;  
The Fry of Gods were there beside,  
Each with his Bastard, whore, and Bride,  
The path which to Joves Palace leads  
In order, all this rich troop treads,  
d Ceres threw wheat on Jove most daintly  
Thereby forespeaking future plenty:  
Th' Instructed Swine did follow after,  
And for their Wheat left somthing softer,  
e Civet, like Irish Soap, good beasts,  
Fit waiters at such solemn Feasts:

At length they reacht Joves Hall of blis,  
 The Gods sat down, the f Goddesses  
 Were striving for the Superiority,  
 Til g Juno challenging the Majority,  
 Ended the busines (most demurely)  
 Plac't and displac't as pleas'd her surely ;  
 The Tables stood full crown'd with Dishes,  
 Enough to satisfie all wishes,  
 Of longing Wives, or Maids grown sickly  
 With fruits, and doing nothing quickly ;  
 Huge Pots of Butter not full blew,  
 With Custards of a doubtfull biew ;  
 Stewd Prunes, bread made of h Malahane,  
 And Honey fetcht from Sugar Cane,  
 Green Apples, plenty of small Nuts,  
 T'employ the teeth, and gorge the guts ;  
 The Goblets proud themselvs to see,  
 So full of Sider (verily)  
 Both Brandy-wine and Aqua-vite,  
 And Ale in years & strength most mighty,  
 As plentifull as i Bonniclabbar,  
 That each Guest his lips might slabbar ;  
 Thus with Satisfy being crown'd  
 with Bacchus wreaths in slumber drownd  
 The k spheres made Musick all the while,  
 The l Bard-brave Meeter did compile ;  
 Then fulgent m Phœbus standing up,  
 (In's greasie fist, a greasier Cup)

f The All  
dermens  
wives.

g Mistris  
Maiorettes.

h Bread  
made of  
Cruds See  
the Irish  
Dictionary.

i A comed  
mon Irish  
drink. See  
the Diction  
ary.

k Two Fide  
lers and a  
blind boy  
with a Bag  
pipe.

l Their Poet  
in One of  
the Aldew  
men.

C

Drank

Drank Daphnes health, Bacchus reply'd  
And quaff'd another to the Bride.

Of Vulcan; this health pass'd along,  
Mars's Father wagging mongst the throng  
Drank Pallas health (brave wench & wise)  
Which draught cost n Cupid both his eyes  
Straining to pledg, Hermes stood still,

And markt how Ganymede did fill  
The Bowls, which swiftly past around,  
Till God and Goddesses had bound  
o Their heads with Ivy-leaves and Vines,

His head to his knee, now each inclines;  
p Apollo then slipt thence half drunk,

p The Sun went down.  
His burning Bonnet dofft he sunk  
In Thetis lap, so Heaven lost light,  
And day was damp't with irksom night;

q Mr. Maior call'd to his wife for Candles.  
q Jove bent for mirth, bad Juno spread  
Her mantle o're the Worlds black head,

But r She inrag'd with Lyeus juice,  
And madly jealous without 'scuse,  
Refus'd to guild th'unspangled Skie,  
With the eyes of her Cow-keeping Spie,

s And aided by a vigorous Fate  
And the shrewd Goddesses, Joves state  
She durst assume, pressing as farre  
As th' Gyants in their mountain Warre,  
They first bound Jove, the other Gods,  
(Constrain'd by darknes, drink and odds,

Alas)

The Old  
less Boy.

o They were  
almost all  
drunk.

p The Sun  
went down.

q Mr. Maior  
call'd to his  
wife for  
Candles.

r She was,  
drunk and  
would none

s She took  
Mr. Maior  
a box on  
the ear.

Alas) were forc'd to condescend  
To all things for a quiet end :

t Jove granted Juno rrule oth' Ayre,  
Her frowns or smiles mak't foul or faire ;  
His Bolts and Lightning she may take,  
And with her tongue the Ax-tree shakes  
From bence her Sex their Charter hold,  
To rule 'gaint reason, cry and scold :  
Proserpina obtain'd of Pluto,  
That all should speed who she-saints sue to,  
That mans affairs in purse or state,  
Should be ruled by the womans rate ;  
Venus may lye with all that love her,  
No fancy God must dare reprove her,  
Dallying with maners, whilst Don Vulcan  
Should to their pleasures drink a full Canz  
Thus by the stern decree of Fate,  
Our Ile's an Amazonian State.

t Mistris  
Mairesse  
might do  
what she  
would.

This Drollericall Poem mightily  
augmented our Champions mirth,  
who (as the fashion is for most great  
ones) was ever delighted with what  
his capacity most condonin'd, as soa-  
ring too high for the frail sight of  
Amphibion-like Genius, \* but such  
great spirits as that of Champions  
move not by Pedantick Statutes, for  
their actions, though excentrick, il-

<sup>2</sup> sentences.

Illustrates the cause, and *Priscians* pate receives honourable wounds, when they please to pummel his skull, but *Morba* the Champions Hostess is almost in as bad a condition as if she had swallowed purging Confects, casting up a very fair account ere the

• Which he  
alwayes o-  
mitted, ter-  
ming it the  
Tarnish of  
his honour.

Champion \* could call for his reck-  
ning, so that six hands were not suf-  
ficient to convey her to her Cowch :  
The night now was more then half  
spent, Baron Tell-clock had twice  
sounded *Boot-esel* to our Worthy ; and  
the busie Bell-man bounced twice at  
the door, and as well the Champion  
as *Soto* began to grow dormious,  
which occasioned the Host to petition  
their present departure to bed, which  
(with heavie heads heaven knows)  
they went to ; yet maugre his pesti-  
ferous Ebrity, magnanimous *Zara*  
forgot not to have his Mace, and o-  
ther Military Utensils conveyed into  
his Chamber (a Receptacle just five  
foot Diameter) where that night  
himself and *Soto* must make their a-  
bode on a Canvass Quilt stuffed with  
the richest Rye-straw, their Sheets of  
a duskyish kind of Flannel.



## CHAP. III.

*What hapned to Don Zara in the night. His Host brings in his Bill of Fare. The manner of the Champions departure, with other accidents.*

**W**HOLE Warrens of starv'd Fleas, that bit like Ban-dogs (which you will say was strange, considering their somniferous Ale-bury) the Champion and his fidelious Land-loper Soto, that they thought themselfs delivered over to the disposall of Demogorgons diminutive Dæmons, insomuch that the Champion grew unspeakably enraged, especially since he was outraged by an enemy whose existence pleaded a protection from the violence of either Sword or Mace, which causeth him thus to complain :

\* O ye powers celestiall (quoth he) Zara's complaint that powre down plagues at your pleasures on pervicacious mankind ;

\* Who eft  
fin'd up his  
Cousins in  
trust.

what crime greater then that of \* At-  
reus have I committed, that my body  
is thus baited by the basest of worms?  
Rather ye mighty Powers, who have  
indewed me with Achillean Valour,  
and Herculean strength; let my blood  
be drill'd by the mightiest and most  
Noble Champion in the world; or-  
der me the overthrow of Ottoman, to  
pull down the pride of Persia, or to  
ruine the Ruffian Tyrant.

With these and the like complaints  
our distressed Champion spent the  
most part of the dolesom night, but  
finding it all in vain to bewail a help-  
less ill, he resolved to bear his biting  
Fate with as much magnanimity as  
was possible, and so defying the ea-  
gerness of those sanguine-coated Æ-  
trians, he waited with incredible pa-  
tience the approach of the Suns Po-  
stillion, but was beguiled of that  
\* honour he hoped, for a sud-  
dain drowsiness stuprated his senses,  
and he slept as soundly as Adam when  
his fide was opened to find out that  
Rib of Rhine; so that the Sun had tra-  
vail'd almost a thousand miles ere he  
had his eye opened.

\* Meaning  
the Civick  
Crown  
which the  
Ancients ap-  
pointed for  
him who  
bore his bad  
fortune  
bravely,

### Chap. 3 DEL FOGO.

opened the windows of his eyes, by which time Soto (the very Emblem of an earnest zeal, and the meer mythologic of masculine love) was currying of his Masters Courser, and polishing his Armour with pretious Vulcanian dust; the Champion awaking, soon impoverished his bed to inrich his body, seating himself in his last nights ripling Tenement; nor must Fame forget to relate this (as an especiall and infalible argument of our Champions incomparable candour) that though his skarifi'd skin would hardly permit his shirt its wonted familiarity, \* yet he took not the least notice of his last nights cruel sufferance, but with a chearfull voyce accosting his Host and Hostess, he bestowed on them a Complement consonant to the time of the day, commanding a Toast (in folio) to be forthwith made; the steeple Bowle to be replete with Roping Ale, and (if possible) the powder of Nutmeg to be put therein; all which being perform'd with wondrous celerity, the Champion drank his noones draught, and appointed Soto the same Doce, who by this time

\* Zaras unde  
parallell'd  
Magnanis-  
mity.

had finisht his morning imployment, and waited at his Masters elbow, who (whether by the malignant influence of some petulant Planet, or else vexed at the villany of his last nights bedfellows) was exceeding sad and Saturnine, often starting, and somtimes with an irefull Aspect, laying his hand upon his Sword, to the amazement of his Host and Hostess ; but Soto (who was intimately acquainted with these (seeming) strangers, and could learnedly Comment on the complexion of his Masters soule at such times as these) knew very well that these passions proceeded from no other cause, but that innate Antipathy between his Masters purse, and the proditory of a Reckning, which his \* Host (the legitimate child of Mammon, and Madam Avaritia) had just now wounded his eyes with, the Champion (as not knowing its importment) accepted it, and (as his manner was upon all like occasions) gave it Soto; commanding him to read it. Soto receives it as a neddy Gallant would his Taylors Bill, his countenance as pale as a Countrey Gentlewoman's

\* A very  
very viā  
uller.

womans, viewing the Lions at first time; it was written in very legible Characters, and ushered with this termagant Title.

*A Bill of Fare.*

Imprimis, Six Black Puddings, each of them a full yard in longitude.

Item, Five Loaves of the best Barley-bread.

Item, An Ox head baked after the Franconian fashion.

Item, Seven pound of the best Essexian Cheese, sawed in sunder on purpose for the Champions eating.

Item, A Gallon of Mares Milk thickened with Meal.

Item, Nine Stanes of Lanted Ale.

The Lodging, large Toasts, and other Appendixes not accounted.

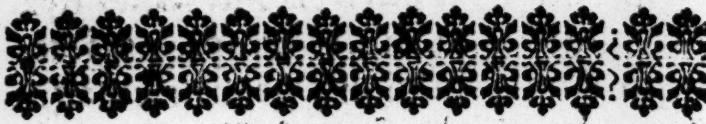
Soto sang these blanck Verses in a very feeble tone, and having finished, threw the paper into the fire with such fury, as sufficiently expressed how angry he was that his Masters ears should be molested with such muddy Sarcasms, which act of his put the Host and Hostess upon the tenters, espe-

especially when gazing upon the Champion they beheld him foam like some incensed Boar, a pallid Lightning leapt from his eyes, and ill-portending Meteors hung upon his front so that he seemed the very picture of Doomesday ; but while all stood trembling, or rather wishing an immediate then lingring death, the Champion thundered out this menace.

But that thy Stars never ordained thee, thou man of Motley, as a fit morsell for my renowned Kill-za-Cow to manducate, I would presently slice thee into streaks, and broil thee upon thy own Grydiron ; hast thou a mind to have thy Fabrick fired in so many places, that all the Ale thou art Master of shall not be able to quench it, till it lye (like another Troy burnt by me (Zara) greater then the greatest of Grecians) low in its own ruines ? hast thou a will to have thy barrell heads beaten out, thy brittle Vessels broken against the walls, and thy wife led captive in Ovant Triumph.

This

This funguous Inflation operated so vigorously, that aswell *Morba* as her Husband fell at the Champions feet, imploring remission, as not imagining his displeasure: The Heroick Don graciously granted their Petition, not onely pronouncing their pardon, but affording his hand in order to their elevation; but withall, warned them to take heed for the future, how they tempted the rigour of Fate by a pecuniary proposall to a Knight Errant; this the poor penitent swore to; which done, our Champion hanged on his Harness, mounting his good steed with a Majestick nod took farewell of his Host and Hostess, who seemingly afforded him a Princely Valediction, but in heart wished him in *Procrustes* bed, or *Perillus* brazen Bull.



## CHAP. IV.

The Description of a fine, fragrant, flowery Vale, supposed to be the place where Adam tasted the Apple. The marriage of the Phoenix with the Bird of Paradise ; her disloyalty, and his Tragedy. Don Zara's heroick hope.

Fortune having allotted so favourable a departure to her dear Don he was not onely animated for after performances, but exceedingly pleased with his own perfections, which had not onely crammed his colon, but administred instruction to the barbarous, how to bear themselves to true ennobled Personages : Soto was as bonny as a new Beneficed Priest, and ran by his Masters Horse as he had bin ballasted with Quick-silver. The all-seeing Sun had travell'd more then half way to the *Antipodes*, when the Champion lighted upon a \* Vale, so rich

\* This Vale is not now to be found, but that there was such a place. See Mandevile's Geography, lib. 10000. fol. 2000.

rich and so rare, that Nature grew Bankrupt when she modelized it, and striving to be quaint (forsooth) forgot to keep any reserve; for by this work the Champion assured himself that she could make no more such; This goodly Plain was imbost with the choicest of Natures Jems; no frost nor winter there, but continuall Spring time, and everlasting Summer; here grow those happy Trees from whence flowes that precious Oyle wherewith Kings and Priests are Anointed; the choycest Fruit that Europe affords with such toyle to the Husbandman, are here to be had un-planted; Here Madam *Flora* gathers her Roses and Tulips, when we (alas) have not so much as a Dasie to deck her head with; Here *Medea* pickt those Simples that restored the wise *Æson* to youth; And here ( that the World may no longer be deceived ) it is that the Phœnix builds his Nest, being ever distinguished by his menial Train, which are these:

*The Pe-hen*,      } } *The Turtle,*  
*The Turkey-hen*, } } *The Gold-finch,*  
                            } } *The*

DO N ZARA Book. I.  
*The Pheasant, & The Canary, and  
 The Popinjay & The Nightingale.*

These are the Phœnix his Favourites, who travail with him through the Ayre upon all occasions, but he never passes the limits of this Tempe, as holding all other parts of the Globe not worth his visit : Some Authors (perhaps *Pliny* or *Solinus*) report, that the Phœnix had espoused the Bird of Paradise, his Bride was fair, and rare, and rich, and young, and wise, and noble, only her\* Tayl

\* She took  
this fault by  
kind, & ther-  
fore was the  
more excu-  
sable.

\* Riddle.

is too ponderous for her body ; this noble pair dwelt not long in peace, for loves fire began to slake and coole  
 \* ere the unconstant Moon had twice  
 lookt upon the foodfull earth with  
 half a face ; she now began to hate  
 and loath what she once so coveted,  
 yet to \* over-spread her had been no  
 Herculean labour, had her insatiate  
 Tayl and mind admitted of conscientious bounds ; but thus ;

\* Six golden  
Sentences  
borrowed  
from the 7<sup>th</sup>  
Sages of  
Greece.

\* The weakest Stomachs desire the  
strongest meats.

Thus the greatest smoke rises from  
the smallest fire.

Thus

Thus slender wits undertake the profoundest matter.

Thus swift pursuit makes a slow performance.

Thus the Appetite is moved by impotence.

Thus Palmerin the Champion oxe-  
threw the Gvant Franarco.

So she though little her self, loved every \* great thing, and at last became so incorrigible impudent, that she durst mention a Divorce, although the Phœnix with tears besought the contrary, not so much out of affection to her, as to prevent the shame that must inevitably follow such a business, but all his persuasions were in vain, a separation is made, and she is married to *Cynosure*, an unknowne fowle, both begot and bred by the Ayre. he (according to kind) trod incessantly \* firing his own Fabrick to quench hers, who laid often, but yet they were but Wind Eggs, though some \* Naturallists say, that such Eggs do hatch the Cockatrice.

How sad the Phœnix was in mind? how sorry to be so slighted by her for whose

\* Though it were long first.

\* Hadal spice of the French

\* See Conar and Poer Quid.

whose sake he had so debased himself  
I leave to those that have been Phœ-  
nixes to judge; but so mightily he  
took it to heart, that now (too late)  
he resolved to hate all second mat-  
ches, and to dye a Widdower; but  
grief perplexed him so, that he feared  
he should leave the world, ere he had  
created himself anew, and so his nest  
being unmade, he might quickly lose  
both life and name; to prevent which  
he takes his speedy flights over hills  
and Dales, Lakes and Rivers, over  
Kingdoms and Countries, both East  
and West, and all this to gather Spi-  
ces for his Funeral (O \* sweet Bird!  
how sad was thy Fate?) But it seem-  
ed better to him (according to his  
pristine privilege) to kill his body,  
and renew his mind, then to pine a-  
way with grief six hundred years, and  
therefore (having betaken himself to  
his Nest) surrounded with his preci-  
ous Gums and odoriferous Spices, the  
Sun shining bright and hot, he with  
his wings augmented the heat, whose  
strong Retention kindled his Bed, as  
Boyes do dried leavys with Burning-  
glasse, which soon consumed his nest  
himself, and all to ashes. And

\* The Au-  
thor laments  
the deplora-  
ble condition  
of the Phœ-  
nix.

Chap. 4. *DE L FOGO.*

33

And least all these sweets should want as sweet a harmony, a numerous troop of Nightingales conspired in one consort, to warble forth the delicacies of their abode; amid this Vale their glided a silver Brook, so gently, that the subtlest eye might gaze very strictly, and not perceive it, on whose violet bancks grew thick Cypress trees, to keep out Phœbus beams; Here *Pax* and *Fannus*, the Dapper *Druides*, with Madam *Marisco*, Queen of Fairies used to dance the Morris by Moon-light; the bottom of this a-  
zure\* Rivulet was paved with Pearls and Diamonds, which varied their gloss as the gentle breath of Zephire, purled the surface of the stream, and presenting to the eye (like a Steele Glass) the spangled beauties of the Firmament; Dolphins usually deser-  
ted the Ocean, to sport in this Pactolian Fountain: Our Champion ex-  
ceedingly rejoiced, that so happy a harbour proffered it self for his re-  
pose; As also, that there was, now, a fair probability of some remarka-  
ble Adventure; and therefore clap-  
ping Soto on the shoulder, Come on,

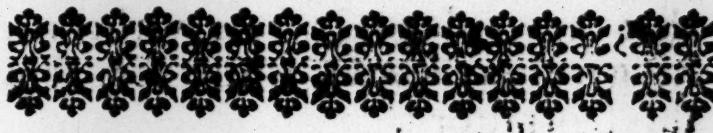
\* Who  
knows not  
this was  
that very  
Tagus or  
Passolus so  
famous in  
Pochic,

D

(quoth

(quoth he) with Roman-like courage, for the Gods, I hope, have appointed me some hungry Lion, or gay-toothed Bear, some deformed Gyant, or male-contented Knight to encounter with here in this Flowery Valley; So putting spurres to his Horse, like another *Alexander* on *Bucephalus*, he made his way into the very entrails of the Grove, at whose dreadfull approach, *Sylvanus* and his shaggy crew fled amaine, and were soon out of sight, to the Champions extream discontent, who would fain have been belabouring any thing that had life; but the \* pleasure of the place soon calmed his spit-fire contemplations, so that he unlaced his Helmet, and unharnessed himself, lying down at the root of an Almond-tree, where (having been kept waking by malignant Fleas almost all the night before) he soon became slave to *Sommus*, the pratling Brook in a pleasing tone chanting a Dulced Lullabye.

So Ham-  
nibal was  
caught with  
the deli-  
cies of Ca-  
pua.



## CHAP. V.

*What Discoveries Zara and his Squize  
made, wandering up and down the Grove.  
The Lady Gylo comming thither to dis-  
port her self, is encountered by the Cham-  
pion. His most elegant Couriship. Her  
Reffonion. With other passages.*

THrice happy Z A R A, who art  
thought worthy of that Paradise  
which the first man forfeited for an  
Apple; But while the Champion  
slept, Soto (being surprized with the  
beauty of the place) was ranging up  
and down to make discoveries, here  
Potatoes & ripe Grapes offered them-  
selves to his lips, there Pomgranates  
and luscious Dates contended which  
first should salute his goodly-fiz'd  
grinders; Soto was not nice in accep-  
tation, but gathered greedily of all  
sorts; returning laden to his mag-  
nanimous Lord and Master, who

D 2 snorted

snorted so lowd on his Rosie Cowch,  
that the verdant Grove reverberated  
his garulous repose, while Soto sang  
this Dormitory.

## SONG.

**S**Omrus, O thou Protean God,  
That with woollen shooes art shod,  
Thou that hatest Trump and Drum,  
Loath'st the Cock, but lov'st the Combe :  
Grand enemies to Fifes and Forges,  
And the Daughters of Boanerges ;  
Friend to Fishes and to dumb men,  
To silent women and to some men.  
great God of Caps,  
of nods and naps,  
Clumzy Somnas now prepare-a,  
To rock the fenses of Don Zara.

Soto had no sooner ended his Epistle,  
but the Champions scales fell  
from his eyes, and he perceived his  
faithfull servant sitting at his feet,  
having prepared a Repast after his  
Repose ; the Champion fed furiously  
on the Grapes, squeezing bunches of  
them by the dozen, as if he had searcht  
for <sup>“ Bacchus ”</sup> <sup>“ Erioste ”</sup> <sup>“ Cardan de</sup>  
his beloved a plump brown Nymph. See subtilitate,

to

to explore for flesh, either Goat or Stag, but Nature had not played her part so profusely, and indeed she had manifested a prodigious prodigallity, had she afforded a Shambles to her Fruiterie : The Champion and *Soto*, had not long quested, but they hap- pened on a spacious Cave, situate at the foot of a Cedar, it was a very vast Receptacle, seeming the work of some Sylvan, or Wood-god, for a Noctur- nall Repository ; *Soto* was first sensi- ble of the novelty, and gave informa- tion thereof to his Master, who com- manded him forthwith to enter, but *Soto* gave a modest negation to his Masters mandate ; for, quoth he, who knows but this may be the Mansion of that Geuius which governs this goodly Grot, who being justly incen- sed at such an intrusion, may meta- morphose us into Maples, or some more sordid sort of Fewell : Thou speakest well, quoth *Zara*, but (thas thou mayst know thou servest a Ma- ster, whose courage is not a whit in- feribur to the stoutest Champion that ever bore Buckler) I am resolved to enter this Cave were it wall'd with

Dragons, and inhabited with Demons; so unsheathing *Kill-za-Cow*, he resolutely leapt into the Cave, examining every angle therof, he found it a fit residence for an Errant Knight, yea, and a Lady Errant if occasion commanded it; in all respects most resembling that very Vault which *Joseph the son of Goron* possessed, when that venerable Quack sold his Brethrens lives (by a Sortilegie) to save his own: Having taken strict notice of its Dimensions, he called *Soto* to the Gaves mouth; Enter, quoth he, (thou sperm of a hen-harted Groom) and make it thy wonder, to survey what a subteranean shelter Fate has allotted us: *Soto* (though shaken with an Ague fit) confidently enter'd, and seeing no occasion of dread, took heart of grace, insomuch that he hardly refrained upbraid his Master, as guilty of calumny in down-right terms; \* My Lord, quoth he, you are too much an Heretick, if you think your *Soto* refused to cast himself into this Cave out of any anxious cogitation as to his person, for had it been the very throat of *Tartarus*, the gullet of

\* *Soto* his Apologie.

of Gebenna, or the belly of Barathrum, his courage had afforded him a will to any attempt, though supernatural, especially having the great Hercules for precedent, who forced the very Fiends to a compliance, & \* brought away Pluto's three-headed Porter; the 7529. An. Mun. \* Wimble  
the Aquar-  
tuck and Te-  
restial An-  
gels.

truth is, it was my piety that persuaded me to forbearance; I have read Sir those Lay Divines, Homer, Hesiod, and Theocritus, and do believe with them, that \* every Grove, Grot, and Stream has its tutelar and vehicular Deity; but these obscurities (my Lord) are too deep for your reason, you must sit down with a description, Periphrasis, or Adumbration; I say, had it not been impious for me to have rashly rushed upon the Genius of the place: Brithee no more, quoth the Champion, these Puntilloes besit not my observation, let feeble-soul'd Dotadoes listen to such effeminate Axiomes, I am the Rod of Heaven, a man made to let Mortals know how much that fear'd thing may be indebted to my self, the great and true Amphion; for thee (Doto) I do not much wonder at thy fear, though I hope

## DON ZARA Book. i.

thy converse with me, together with thy strict observation of my Actions, wil render thee after som few months sufficiently Heroick ; Having said thus, he deserted the Cave (with a resolve to rest there that night) and returned to the place where he lately both slept and eat, neer which he beheld the Thunder-crested Fownder-foot feeding almost to a \* surfeit on the sweet and verdant Grass, which that plat of ground afforded of an incredible height ; Here arrived, he and Soto sat down, resolved to encounter with a second Collation, when they beheld a woman (an infallible Argument, that she was none of the soundest Polititians) plucking Pomgranates, and ripe Oranges, which grew there in abundance ; Soto supposed that some new *Minerva* was dropt from Heaven, or another *Venus* newly born of the brackish waves, had chosen this Grove as the most pertinent place of *Aetheriall Delectation* ; she was cloathed in a rich and sparkling kind of stiffe, woven by \* *Arachnes* fingers, of the finest Calidonian Silk, buttoned before with green Emralds,

\* Not but that the Champion Horse was of a moderate temper, but this is spoken by a figure, called *Equo*, intimating what might have happened to a more luxuriant Pal. gray.

\* An eminent Spinster.

raulds, yet not so close but that those hills of snow, her immaculate breasts were visible, lurking under the shadow of Lawn ; that Globe of blisses her head was covered with a Tyre of green Sarcenet, fringed with blew Flanders Lace, studded with Bristol Saphyres, which (could it be possible) augmented the lustre of her heavenly face, so that she seemed like another

\* *Aphrodite finis'd for the imbraces of Adonis, or a second Helen proud of the lime-hound Paris* : A Venetian Courtesan.

The Champion (though otherwise too tough for such tender Creatures, having been train'd up in the School of Mars, and not of Cypriades) melted before the eys of this Sunny substance, waxing

\* *proud beneath the navell, and in a minute was moulded into a perfect Inamorate* ; Soto felt the same flames about his heart, but durst not manifest the itching of his soul ; our Champion a long time feasted his eys without speaking (resembling the Statue of Mark Anthony gazing on the beauteous Idea of Cleopatra) remaining as it were extasie.

\* A Disease called the swelling of the leg. See Farnelius & Culpepers Legacie.

Such

Such is thy force, O mighty Cupid,  
Thou canst make Mortals dull and stupid,  
And when thy Tyrant pleasure varies,  
Dick is all fire, and Tom all Ayre is ;  
From the Flayle unto the Miter,  
From the Galeon to the Liter ;  
From the Stall unto the Styte,  
Are thy Trophies rais'd on hye.

But at length recollecting himself, he commanded Soto to make up to the Lady, and to Complement her in his name: Sir (quoth Soto) under your correction, I think it would make more for your Honour, and predict a furer Accomplishment of your wishes, if you accosted her in person, rather then by Proxey; The Champion could not withstand this Oraculous Incitement; And therefore willing SOTO to wait upon him in the most Ceremonious posture that could be thought on; hee hasted to the place where this Piece of Divine perfection resided, who seeing (as shee thought) a couple of Champions drawing neer her, began to flie, as in a wild amazement,

ment, but the Knights \* courteous with his comportment perswaded her, that harm could not be intended, where such officious zeale was intimated; Fortifi'd with this resolve, she stood still, expecting the Champions approach, who almost \* out of breath, could not express himself with that fluent Accuracie, which otherwise he had done; but after some respirati-  
on, taking her by that moyst Adamant, her Lilly-white hands, he de-  
livered himself very volubly, Thus;

Most fair and beauteous Lady,  
whose eyes are the Sun and Moon of  
the Earth, whose face, whose fore-  
head, whose lip, whose hair, whose  
mouth, whose hand, and whose all,  
pronounces all other of your Sex; but  
meer dashes, stroaks, *a la volee*, or at  
randome, that face was not formed  
for any beneath the degree of a knight  
Errant to kneel to; that lip (most  
fair *Venus*) was not Vermillion'd o-  
ver for any to kiss, that cannot boast  
the spoils of War, & the Trophies of  
Victory; Behold (Natures best Picce)  
where *Don Zara* (whom Kings have  
kneel'd to for their lives, and Queens  
have ob-

Helmet in  
his hand, and  
bowing him-  
self often to  
the earth.

\* Being used  
to ride, but  
run.

obscured as pensive Lovers) prostrates his Horse, Armour, Sword, Mace, Shield, Servant, and Self at your bright feet, imploring what the most resplendent beauties on earth  
 \* have beg'd of him, it is Love most worshipfull woman that *Don Zara* implores, without which this soul of his (though to the whole worlds loss, if not ruine) must forsake its mansion, and your self (all too late) repent your coyness, that has destroyed the most fideliouſ fighting Servitor that ever laid just claime to honourable beauty, and beautifull honour.

*Gylo* (for so was the Lady called) knew not what Responſion to yielde to this facetious Rhodomontado (a Complement not to be paralell'd in any *Grubstreet Romance*) but at last making most humble obeysance to our Heroe (with cheeks blushing like *Aurora*) ſhe answered :

Thrice Noble Sir, your manly figure, and soul-slaving Oratory, as they command my wonder, ſo they contraine me to an ingenuous acknowledgement, that I am no way worthy of your notice, whose wonder-

\* Meaning a  
retaliatiſon  
of Love. See  
Cupids Meſſe  
ſenſer. pag.  
10000.

der-working Valour merits a *Minerva* for Mistris, and whose copious elo-cution makes *Mercury* ashamed of his emptiness; but if the candour of my Starres allot me so bounteous a blisse, that your honoured self shall think I deserve your commands, yonder Mansion made of Marble is my abode, and in the bowels of that room ador ned with a Balconey do I constantly cover my self.

*Gyl* had no sooner uttered this, but lowting low, she and her Maid forsook the place, leaving the Champion and his Servitour in much amazement.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VI.

Zara marthers a monstrous Bear, who assaulted him in the Cave : He playes and sings beneath the Lady Gylos chamber Window, and receives a very luckie return of his Love.

\* Simile.

J oy and wonder (like two opposite winds disturbing the already distractèd Ocean) strove for Supremacy in our Champion ; on the one side the Ladies worthiness, on the other side her coyness palfied her brain, so that he remained for a time as one

\* trans-elemented.

\* Meaning transmogrified, or metamorphosed into a Man-drake.

Such is thy power, O Love,  
such is thy might,  
When thou surprizest any  
Mortall Wight ;  
Whether Orlando Smith,  
or Oswald Clinker,  
Whether the Great Turk,  
or the bra3-fac'd Tinker ;

Thou

Thou mouldest him anew  
 in every part,  
 And for a pint of Mirth,  
 reckon'st a Quart  
 Of Sorrow, making a most  
 grievous pather ;  
 A Pox upon thee,  
 and thy Sea-born Mother.

Soto a long time observed his Lord with a serious look ; but perceiving, that he cared not to put a period to this excruciating extasie, he burst out into a hearty laughter, saying, \* Cupids Arrows (I perceive) can pierce the strongest Armour, and supple the most sternest soul, \* as those are the most killing griefs that dare not speak, so (no doubt) those are the most ineffable joyes, that cannot gain utterance : Rejoyce, my Lord, and sing Pæans to the pretty little God, who has thus courteously awarded you : You are the wittiest and best of Servitors, answered ZARA, O I could dye upon her \* Spot, and venture life, or otherwise do more for her dear sake then those famous

\* Sentence

upon sentence  
 inserted by  
 the Author,  
 merely for  
 the solace of  
 the sage.

\* Meaning  
 some private  
 mark.

Palle-

Palladines, who were Kinsmen to mad Rowland; Hercules Labours were but a Bakers dozen, nine shall puzzle Arithmetick truly to compute them: She is indeed (quoth Soto) the Metaphysicks of her Sex, the very Rule of Algebra; you are the Love that must press this *Leda*, the *Endymion* that are beloved by this *Cynthia*, and the *Anckyses* that must enjoy this *Venus*: I know it (quoth Zara) for didst thou not observe how her colour went and came all the time that I was courting her; and though I say it (that should not) I never in all my life had the happiness of more fluency on so short a warning: *Hermes* himself (quoth Soto) could not have handled his business better; but Sir, take it from me, \* He that has a woman by the waste, has a wet Eele by the tayle; And they hate delayes as much as they abominate debility: What wouldst thou have me to do (quoth the Don ?) shal we presently visit her; not so soon Sir, quoth Soto, you know that providence has provided us a place of rest, you may well waste this night in contemplation of her Excellencies, and to morrow,

\* An Axiome borrowed of Cato.

row, ere the fleet hours shall have harnessed Phœbus fiery Horses, we will bid her Bon jour at her Balconey, by which time (if the Muses favour me) we will be provided with an amorous Canticle, Rivall to best of\* Petrarchs, Sidney, or Ronsard, onely the Alcean Lyre will be wanting, but that our Voyces shall supply, (\* for the silent note which Cupid strikes, is far swetter then the sound of any Instrument) celebrating her beauty, and inciting to the Paphian pleasure. Thou art my better Genius, quoth Zara, and shalt share my Fortunes, this was excellently well thought on, and cannot but exceedingly take.

Approach thou silent Night,  
mother of Rapes,  
And dreary ruine,  
friend to Owles and Apes;  
Fly, fly, ye winged hours  
with edger motion,  
And bring the chearfull day  
from forth the Ocean,  
Father of life and light,  
when thou appearest,  
I'll take my rise,  
reporting to my dearest.

\* A most  
excellent  
Italian Bal-  
lad-maker.

\* See Tom  
Dales A-  
phorisme,  
Tome 9. sec  
12. Apho. 19.

50  
I have often heard (quoth *Soto*) that  
Love can inspire the most insipid ;  
now I have proove, my Lord, that you  
are a very Lover, witness this polite  
Poeticall passion, but the Night-Ra-  
ven (Sir) has chanted her Vespers, and  
Madam *Nox* has already hung her  
curtain over the Hemisphere, let us  
convey our selvs to our Concave,  
quoth *Zara*, and summon *Somnus* to a  
peacefull parley : I have, said *Soto*,  
furnished our Pavillion with a bed of  
the best Mofs, and the trunk of an Al-  
der tree for a pillow : Thou art in  
all things excellent, quoth *Zara*; but  
now for the contrivance of our Ode :  
Let me alone for that, quoth *Soto*,\* He  
kick the Mount to Attoms, swell up  
Hellicon, ravish the Nine, and break  
Apollo's Fiddle about his pate, but He  
Rant is most magnificent Master ; He  
warrant the Lady is your own, if  
(which we have cause to guess) she be  
one of *Minerva's* Maids of Honour :  
This said, they departed to their hol-  
lowed Mansion, and taking their  
Cowch, on a sudden became speech-  
less, when Fortune, the professed ene-  
my to worth, appointed them a very  
dange-

Mr John  
Wrelands  
desolvs,  
Poem 25.

dangerous Adventure, for the Slye Sergeant Morphem had no sooner ar- rested their sentences, but the proper owner of the place, a Bear as black as blackness it self, as fell as an Hyrcanian Tyger, entered the Cave (as was her wonted guize) with a resolve to rest her self there that night, but find- ing uncouth Inmates, she gave so loud a roar, that the Grove echoed the Thunder of her throat; This yelling Allarum soon beat up the Champions Quarters, and he awaked in much distraction, giving Soto (though acci- dentally) so sound a jump on the brest with his <sup>\*</sup>foot, that he cryed out as he had bin broke on the wheel; by this time the Bear had bitten our Champion quite thorow the calfe of his left leg, which made him roar more audibly then this beast of prey enter- ing the Cave: Soto mean time (like a hardy Squire) strenuously assaulted this wild creature with his Javelin, but found his hide too tough for pe- netration, and such was the mockery of Fate, that the Champion had not opportunity to unsheathe his Sword, so that his face was scratched and sca- Whether  
his left or  
right is not  
certainly  
known.

rifi'd, as his leg was bruiz'd and wounded; no quarter from head to foot was free; was it not time then for the Champion and Soto to lay about them, for this hairy Monster fought not to gain honour, but to al-lay hunger.

The pious  
Author p-  
tifully be-  
moans the  
bad condi-  
tion of Za-  
ra.

\* Ah Zara, Zara, had I my wish, some God should turn thee into a Sheep, or Goat, nay rather then fail into an Ass, to escape this vile visitation, then thus be taken like a tame Beast in thy own Den.

Yet at last despite of Destiny he forced out Kit-za-Cow, and with one single thrust pierc't through the skin ribs, and rif' of this sawcie Savage, cleaving her heart who giving a deep groan, becam exanimate: This Conquest being so happily atchieved, the Champion (with Soto's aide) disburthened the Cave of this rough creature, whose length (by London measure) was no less then six yards, and whose head the Champion immediatly severed from the unwieldy Trunk, hanging it on the top branch of a Beech Tree, as a Trophy consecrate

to Nemesis and *Astrea*, engraving this  
Distich about the Bole.

Apollo, Python slew,  
which was no Bear-a,  
The Monster own'd this head,  
was slain by Zara.

But the wounds and scratches late-  
ly received, were not so irksome to  
our Champion, as the sorrow he un-  
derwent to be maimed at such a time  
by this beast of *Mars*, when he had  
wholly devoted himself to *Venus*, yet  
such was the ardency of his affection,  
that \* he resolv'd to visit his Mistris  
with the morning ;

O true and unparallell'd Amorist,  
worthy the Pen of another Parker !  
Others if but prickt with Eglantine,  
or Phlebotomiz'd with the Guardi-  
ans of Roses, think themselvs suffici-  
ently excused for not doing that De-  
voyre to their Mistresses which *Cupid*  
commands ; but he, though creeping  
on hand and crupper, will not faile  
to complement his fair one, and who  
knows but the compassionate Gods  
may reward this admirable Ardour,

\* Though  
one of his  
supporters  
had been  
taken off.  
well sayes  
the Adage,  
Love will  
halt where  
it cannot  
go.

54 DON ZARA Book. I.  
with the miraculous cure of his  
wounds, without the aide of Machaon  
or Podalyrius.

The Olympick powers, said Soto,  
have manifested their care of your  
courageous carkass (thrice Noble and  
redoubted Heroe) in that they guided  
your good Sword to so home a thrust  
when in all probability you had been  
manducated by that Monster, who  
now remains headless; the fightless  
Deity does alwayes file their names;  
whom he thinks worthy to wage war  
under his Banner with blood; But I  
too long neglect to apply some hea-  
ling herb to your yawning wound;  
Having said this, Soto arose, and fear-

\* For the  
better un-  
derstanding  
of this read  
Dr. Thig.  
Pain's Pue-  
rile p. 3000

\* See Clas-  
vel's Recan-  
tation, pag.  
121.

ching about the Grove for some \* sa-  
nitating Simple; he at last lighted  
upon that (Hell-envied, Heaven-guar-  
ded) weed, called \* *Morsus Diaboli*,  
which he gently cropped, chaunting  
a Canticle to Tellus, and resorting to  
his maimed Master, squeezed the juice  
thereof into his wound, and then ap-  
plying the leaf it self, bound it about  
with the rind of a Mulberry Plant,  
which gave him present ease, and oc-  
casioned his Benzon on solicitous

Soto:

## Chap. 6. DEL FOGO.

35

Soto: By this time Aurora was visible in the East, clad in her purple Robe; Æous began to shake his fiery Main, neighing so loud, that Sol (\* who had slept with Thetis all that night) sate upright in his watry bed, and after a yawn or two, took his scourge in his hand; the Champion and Soto therefore immediately set forward on their amorous enterprize, and were under the Balconey, where our war-like Leander expected his Lilly-handed Hero ere the Sun was warm in his Throne; for some minutes they diligently listned if they might hear any body stir, but neither jarre of Clock, nor the hoarce hum of any drowzie Groom to be heard, all things buried in so profound a silence, as if the God of dreams had here pitcht his Pavillion. Begin the Hymn, quoth Zarz, the Canzonet that must give my Goddess the Alarum of love, my self will help to bear the burthen; then Soto having opened his Organ pipes with a Peganian hem, began to warble the following Song:

By this it appears that the Sun himself is an adulterer. See the Act against Fornication &c.

## SONG.

1.

A Rise thou true Aurora from thy East,  
too long (good faith) thou keepst thy nest  
Zara's no Incubus,  
Nor thou a lazy Sun,  
That thou art tardy thus,  
thy Champions ready with his spear in rest  
Ambo.

Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,  
Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.

2.

Cupid (alas) does suck my best blood out,  
I drop at heart as old wives drop at snout,  
No Brescian Bear loves honey,  
Or down-chin'd Miser money,  
Better then I thy Con —  
appear, bright saint, and cure my amorous  
And let the turn-pikes, &c. [Gone]

3.

Love has not onely drove his Peg  
Through my heart, but through my leg,  
After such dire assault,  
Here do I make a halt,  
for I was n're yet shun'd by Doll or Meg.  
Let then the Turn-pikes, &c.

Thought

4.  
Though (Mars appointing so) I'm fram'd  
of Iron,  
And that strong barrs of steel my flesh in-  
viron,

Though strung with stubborn wire,  
I melt in thy Coal-fire,  
Cupids strong Chirasiere  
I am, then glorious Girl put thy Attire on.  
Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.

## 5.

Be thou my Sea-born Venus, I will be  
Thy Mars, thy Vulcan (I go limpingly)

Let me view thy silken Dog,  
(Able to vanquish Gogmagog,)  
I'll be thy Ape, be thou my clog,  
to love, and not be lov'd, is misery.

Then let the Turn-pikes, &c.

## 6.

Let's laugh, and leave this world behinde,  
And procreate 'till we are blind,

That Gods may view,  
With a Dildo-doe,  
What we bake, and what we brew,  
yet our intrinsick fervour never find.

Then let the turn-pikes on my chin,  
Take thy half-Moon Fortress in.

They

They had no sooner finished their Ditty, but behold Madam Gylo (apparelled in a loose vestment, her haire bound up in a carnation Cawl, which excellently became her) appeared (like another Juliet ready to receive her beloved Romeo) on the Battlements, bearing in her hand a Pewter Vessel, containing the quantity of about three quarts of that (which like the Spider, she had extracted from her own bowels) she had on purpose procured for our Champions reception, and it appears (\* if there be any truth in Tradition) it was the Ladies Ordure to precipitate any excrementious substance from that very window; The Champion and Soro greatly rejoiced to see this morning Star irradiate that Horizon, but were soon returned to their quondam dejection, when they found their ears tingued with warm water, well lanted with a viscous Ingredient; the Lady having accomplished her Archievemen, returned to her place of rest, leaving Zara and Soro in the wildest wonder; nor let any (seeming) Soton tax their extasie, for even Alcides

\* See Alber.  
tus Ajax, de  
Modo Cacan  
di Tome 10.

Or

Chap. 6. *D E L F O G O.*

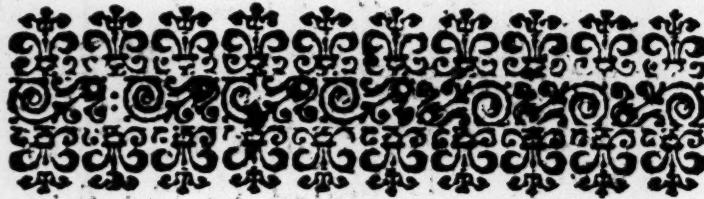
59

or Achilles had been the same sad ones, had Briseis or Omphale practised the like Complement; but after they had a long time busied their (new wrunged) eyes with gazing one upon another, like men dropt from the Clouds, and perceiving the Lady had left them, without probability of return, they (without speaking one to another, so vast was their amazement) retired to their Grove, their faces full of the ostents of shame and dolour.

End of the First Book.



Don



# Don Zara del Fogo :

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## *The second Book.*

### CHAP. I.

Zara's passionate Complaint against the Lady Gylo, and all her Sex in gene-  
all. Soto mittigates his ire, they travell to Mount Mongibell, where he is munifi-  
cently treated by Lamia the Witch.

Eturnd to their earth-wal'd Cittadell, the Champion and Soto (like penitent Pil-  
grims) entered their Cave, hardly refraining to be-  
dew each others Aspects with briny drops ; Soto was the first that broke  
silence, who taking his Master by that hand made to pull up mighty Oaks,  
and pound prodigious Monsters and  
tyran-

tyrannous Tytans to atoms,\* Let not my Lord, said he, tollerate this sourse of sorrow and griping grief to overwhelm him; we cannot, Sir, expound this enigma,\* Edipus himself durst not enter the lists against this Sphynx, who knows but it may be the custome of this country for Ladies to treat their Lovers in this method; \* *Womens* <sup>\* A Cunning man or a rel- ler of For- tunes; this was he who told the old Earl of Essex that his Mis- sses should make him headless.</sup> *actions are like their Wombs, not to be fathomed;* but we have no Oracle to resort to, no Temple of Ammon or Cumæan Cave; for my part, I believe the Lady whom you are so vexed at, is of too noble and generous a temper to welcom her Votarist with an affront, besides she seems no Pentheleæ, no Camilla, or Britomart, that she should think her self of sufficient strength to Bulwark her Mansion, and all within from the Battray of just vengeance, in case your warlike self should vow a devastation, there is therefore some Hyerogliphicall Catastasis to be expected of this matter. Thou art (said the Champion a Traitor to my Honour, and a betrayer of that Repute which I have hitherto retain'd despite of Envy; Dost thou think this could be

\* An Axiome  
borrowed of  
Lycophron.

be any other then a consumelious  
Quip; \* Love though he be blind can  
smell, and though thy fense and scent  
have forsaken thee at once, yet know  
that Zara cannot be deluded into a  
dull Heresie; henceforth I will abjure  
the thought of that nefarious Nitro-  
sulphureous Sex, I will finde some  
Countrey where it shall be Felony to  
acknowledege I ever lookt upon a  
woman, and high Treason to say I  
had a Mother; let who will protect  
their persons, bolster up their beau-  
ties, cringe to their commands, and  
dye to do them service; Give me my  
Arms, I will instantly demolish this  
crazy Castle, and put all its Tenants  
to the Sword, not sparing this very  
woman, this vile woman, who has  
most egregiously abused the truest and  
Noblest Servant that ever laid leg o-  
ver Lady. Soto perceiving that the  
Hemisphere being so strangely clon-  
ded, storms and tempests must inevi-  
tably ensue, fell upon his knees, im-  
bracing \* the calves of the Champi-  
ons legs, beseeching him for his sake  
(his fidelious servant Soto) to miti-  
gate his justly conceived displeasure,  
and

\* The more  
to win upon  
him; this  
kind of po-  
siture was u-  
sed by all  
Suppliants of  
old. See Cot-  
tons Concord  
lib 20. p 30.

and not to destroy whole Families  
for the foolish perpetration of one  
whose ignorance (as to his person  
and parts) might somewhat excuse  
her crime ; and though it be true  
(said Soro) that in all Comedies more  
know the Clown, then the Clown  
knows, and though your Fame full  
the Universe, this Lady yet may be  
one of those whose ears have not  
suckt in the report : For thy sake,  
said the Champion, I will spare these  
wretches, and inhumē my intended  
Revenge ; I confess I had been too  
bloody but for thee ; thus the Pelean  
Youth was perswaded by his *Parroclus*  
to wire-draw the *Fate of Troy* ; I do  
acknowledge my self a sworn servant  
to that sweet Sex, and (if with *Neop-*  
*solemus*) I had sacrificed this foolish  
Female to *Rhamnusia*, I could not have  
expiated the giddy crime without a  
tedious journey to *Paphos* ; But let us  
leave this place, the Genius whereof  
(it seems) is an utter enemy to Errant  
Knighthood, he then mounted his  
prancing Palfrey, who fed not far off,  
putting on his shining Armour, and  
inveloping his head with a Cap of  
Steel ;

steel ; Soto (having first replete his Crib with ripe Dates, Almonds, and other fruits) had soon harnessed himself, and attended the motion of his Master, whose fretting soul occasioned the galling of Founder-foots fides, and Soto's sweat, for the Knight rode as some would run for their lives, like such another Hotspur as *Astolphe*, or *Rogero*, possting away from *Logestilla* ; and how long this eager mood would have held him, Heaven knows, if his eyes had not clapt plummets upon his heels, when he beheld a \* Mountain of an incredible altitude, for (like *Atlas* and *Olympus*) its head was hid in Clouds for many leagues upward, out of whose torrid entrails flisks of fire (accompanied with most \* hideous noyse) took flight to Heaven, towring in the troubled Ayre like so many ruin-portending Comets; these were no sooner vaded, but (with the same Thunder as before) stones fatre bigger then those belonging to Meal-Mills, wer ejected with horrible frangours, able to have astonished any Mortal save *Zara*, who all un-moved, beheld this flaming heap, being a

\* Read Sir  
John Mano.  
devils Geo.  
graphy, I 40.  
And Purchas.  
Pilgrimage,  
Tome 100.  
Tract. 10000.

\* Perhaps the  
howlings of  
damned souls

great Naturall; and well versed in Pliny, and Albertus Magnus, but yet he would not dare his Destiny by an over-hardy intrusion to neer the skirts of this voluminous Excrecence, whose ~~new~~ were enough to perswade some that Tellus has formerly been a profound Tipler, and (to the immortal honor of good Fellowship) wears a rich face. The Champion had not long contemplated the mysterious, and not to be resolved \* Riddles that trackless Nature exhibits, but he perceived a Grot (not thatcht, but covered over with blue slate, the outward walls seeming all of shining Glass, yet notwithstanding more hard then iron) on his left hand in an humble Valley, that lay about half a league from this fiery Mountain, \* as if this lowly Grot would teach aspiring mankind, that to be safe is to shun the Mountains heights of greatnes, a thick smoak issued out of the top of this tenement, the infallible symptome of some Hospitable Inhabitant, hither our Champion addressed himself, with a resolve to rest for some minutes, but knocking at the door with the pum-

\* See Ariæ  
stotles Pro-  
blems, Erra  
Pater, and  
unheard of  
Curiosities..

\* Sentence  
borrowed  
out of  
Greens  
greatsworth  
of w.s. p.10.

mell of his Sword, and calling to those (in all probability) within, he received no answer, onely the courteous door of it self opened, as inviting him to enter, which he did, Soto following him; the first thing he beheld was a kind of Pen, or punee Prison, but far stronger then those the Brittish Shepheards immure their Flocks in, in it were included a great number of (seeming) \* Dogs, Wolvs, Badgers, Foxes, Apes, and Monkeys, who upon the Champions approach manifested all the signs of Amity, the Dogs wagged their tayles and friskt upon him, the Wolvs lickt his hands, the Badgers crouched at his feet, the foxes (throwing away all the wilineſſ) became his real suppliants; Apes danced antick meerly to make him mirth, & the Monkeys (in the language of the face and the eye) made many protestations of sincere service: Zara was something amazed at this strange (yet auspicious) entertainment from creatures whom he had never before conver'd with: what would have amated others, animated him; and that which ~~no others had been~~ \* Latbe, to him was

\* These were  
once very  
proper men,  
but now  
Metamor-  
phosed by  
this Circe  
into Beasts.

was *Helens* potion ; nor was he so bestial, but to take notice of the courtesy of these creatures whom he complimented peculiarly, with so winning a garb, that though Oratory were wanting, their silence spake more then some could have uttered with all the ornaments of Rhetorical Elocution : Passing these, he came to a door which he found fast locke, but peeping thorow the Key-hole, he perceived where a Lady of excellent beauty was sitting by a fire made of the roots of Fir, sorting heaps of herbs, a Girdle (borrowed from the head of a *Hyena*) full of Magical Characters about her waste, her Rod, Staff, and other implements of Sorcery stood by her on a Table of Abster-  
five Ebony, and about her head (with such a noyse of Bees commonly make when they conglomerate) flew millions of <sup>\*</sup>Batts, Dorrs, & Butter-flyes : This Lady was no other then the En-  
chantress *Lamia*, a woman insatiately luxurious, insomuch that no Travel-  
ler that way, of what degree or con-  
dition soever, could escape her; those  
that refused to accompany her, she

<sup>\*</sup> These were  
Devils no  
doubt, who  
Complement-  
ed Lamia  
in such  
shapes. See  
Bodin de  
Bullibus,  
lib. 9. &c

immediately turned into beasts, appointing them perpetuall captivity ; this wicked Witch knowing by her Art, that *Don Zara* should about this time visit Mount *Mongibell* ; she (as was her constant manner upon the like occasion ) transformed her self (at other times a meer *Mægera*, the very Emblem of deformity, and the compendium of a Chaos) into a most beauteous shape ; *Don Zara* must be the *Ulysses* whom this *Circe* will admit to her imbraces, and now perceiving his approach she commanded her ill-mannered door to give him ingress, and her self rising from her Chair gave him that welcom which denoted the high esteem she had of him ; her Menial Train (which were all \*Statues of Marble, bearing the figures of untouched Virgins) yielded him homage ; an Ivorie Chair of its own accord branching it self beneath his buttocks, where he was no sooner seated, but a Table richly furnished with rare Vyands and sweet Wines opposed it self to his view, the Marble bodied Maidens waiting obsequiously and filling forth the Wine with much agility.

\* These  
Damsels  
were crea-  
ted by De-  
dalus, whose  
Statues (as  
Plato af-  
firms would  
walk and  
few many  
fine tricks.

agility. *Soto* (at the appointment of the Chantress) sat down also, but he who had noted the gogling of his eyes (roving up and down as if he meant to muster all the varieties in the room) would have concluded him a Puppet, whose every part found motion upon wire: The Champion as was his usuall guize fed rapaciously, and so gave *Lamia* good hope of his strenuous activity when *Venus* should make proof of his procreative part; the eating humour being over (grasping a vast Goblet in his hand, whereon was pourtrayed the History of *Io*, being turned into a white Cow, the great *Jupiter* Bulling her) he drank a deep health to the Inchantresse; Most excellent Lady, I now celebrate your Highness health with as true a heart as ever I came from Schooles; This said, he exhausted the steeple Bowl with such vigorous velocity, that *Lamia* could not but be astonied at the worthinesse of the man; Sir, quoth she, you are Master of all those wayes that win most upon us women; but I cannot but wonder at the bravery of your brain that can

brook such torrents as these: Sweet Lady, quoth the Champion, I always drink with the same courage that I use to cleave those Helms that are thought Thunder-proof.

[in't,  
Fill me a Bowl, that I may bathe my head  
And rise like Phœbus in the East,  
Shaking my dewy locks — — —

This said, he kist the Inchantress with such ardency, as he wold have eaten her lips off, who very patiently permitted him to dwell upon those Twin-Cherries, and sometimes to practise what good Roger and Alcyona once experimented, when their Tongues became insoul'd, as Sampson's Foxes were inchain'd.



CHAP. H.

*Soto courts Lapida. The Inchantress turns him into a Horse. She raises the Ghost of Hercules, whom Zara encounters with, and is knockt down. He is extremely enraged, but at length appeased by Lamia, who recreates his senses with many rare sports and pastimes.*

While his Master was thus Biling, it had been shame for Soto to sit as a Mute, or whistle upon his thumbs ends, when so many beauteous Objects ( as it were ) offered themselves to his imbraces ; therefore ( after Solemnization of the Health ) he rose up, and addressed himself to *Lapida* ( the fairest and most portly of all the Attendant Nymphs ) \* Most pellucid Paragon, quoth hee, whose Fulgor famishes the Fame of *HERO*, *HELEN*,

F 4

of my old  
copy.

goddess  
pleasance  
Lapida in a  
most ele-  
gant elabos-  
rate style,  
perhaps her  
ring read  
the Academ-

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**DO N ZARA** Book.2,

or *Hebe*; vouchsafe most illustrious morsell of Maids flesh, to accept of Squire *Soto* his service, chief Chamberlain and sole Secretary to the magnanimous and munificent *Don Zara del Fogo*, whose body and soul shall cringe to thy commands; *Lapida* returned him no answer, save what her Virgin blushes afforded, which animated *Soto* to a nearer approach, folding his sinewy arms about her slender waste, and clinging close to her coral lips, which occasioned many mops and mowes from the other Marble Maidens, and caused *Lapida* to desert his desired imbraces with a cloudy brow: *Soto* being thus shaken off, returned to his quondam station, finding his Master in deep discourse with the Inchantress, who (at his request) informed him, That (those her Hand-Maids vvere the legitimate issue of *Pigmalion*, vvhom (though the ancient Bards knew it not) the compassionate Gods (pitying *Pigmalions* sufferance) graciously trans-elemented, furnishing her with the finest flesh, and all other Feminie endowments. I perceive Madam (said *Zara*) that

\* *Pigmalion*  
proved to  
have had  
issue by his  
Marble Mi-  
stis, a rare  
piece of an-  
tiquity, hi-  
therto not  
made pub-  
like.

your

your bright self can bring marvelous things to pass by your occult perpetrations, I vvas once so bewitcht than I could not shite, till two or three Candls ends were thrust up — ; Pray Madam, give your servant to know what miraculous things may be effected by Inchantments : I will not hide from thee (my dearest Zara) said the Soceres,\* that by the potency of my Spells, and Incantations, I can take off the top of St. Marks Steeple in Venice, and clap it upon St. Peters in Rome, I can contract the Elements, and (but that I would not destroy this goodly Mass of things) jumble all to its originall Chaos ; I can seclude *Aeolus* and his sons in a Hawking-bag. I can turn the tide of *Tygris* or *Nyle*, cloath the Earth with Flowers, the Trees with leavs, & the Fields with verdure ; in the midst of winter I can call down *Luna* when I list from her sphere, give life to the dead, and death to the living ; Metamorphose men into beasts, and beasts into men ; cause Thunder and Lightning, Blasting and Mildews, Storms and Tempests, Earth-quakes & Water-quakes, demol-

\* The *Ind* chantress de<sup>r</sup> clares what wonde<sup>r</sup>ous things may be done by Witcherast <sup>g</sup> a fine story, and undoubt<sup>d</sup>edly true, having been an Article of faith in all former Ages, and believed by very wise men of our time.

DO N ZARA Book.2.

demolish the stoutest Structures by Land, and the goodly Vessels by Sea with a nod : having thus spoken, she called Soto unto her, and taking Zara by the hand, she said, That thou maist have prooef of my abilities, and that thou art respected by her who can countermand the counsels of the Gods, behold the transmutation of thy Squire ; With that, rising up, she waived her Wand three times over Soto's scull, thrice she turned unto the East, & as many times unto the West, mumbling over some mysterious Mat-  
tens, till Soto by degrees \* was trans-  
shaped into a goodly Steed, who sha-  
king his crested man, and pawing on  
the pavement, neighed aloud, like a-  
nother *Phobos* or *Dimos*, insomuch that  
the Champion (had not the love he  
bare to his servant overcome his hasty  
wishes) could have been contented  
that Soto should have continued in  
that shape, *Founder-foot* being turned  
to grass to the wide world : Soto had  
not long proved himself a perfect  
prauncing Palfrey, but the courteous  
Inchantress restored him to his pri-  
stine shape, to the Champions excee-  
ding

\* Soto's Me-  
ganorphosis.

## Chap. 2. *DE L FOGO.*

ding contentment, but to *Soto's* extreme dejection, who never after that could (faithfully) fancy himself any other save a very beast: This business over, the Inchantress willing to delight the Champion, demanded of him which of the ancient Worthies (*Goliab, Judas Maccabeus, &c.*) he had most mind to behold; I would fain feast my eyes, quoth he, with perusing the person of that monster-taming *Hercules*, the son of *Jupiter* and *Alcmena*, he that made no more of a Lion then of an *Izeland* Cur, who wielded Mountains as Pibbles, drew *Cacus* out of his Den by the heels, and demolished mighty Cities with a slip of his finger: The Champion had scarce spoke, but a Tree sprang up, \* whose top almost touched the Clouds, its broad branches were laden with Apples of Gold, most radiant to the eye, about whose body a Dragon (of an un-measured greatness) twined it selfe, evomorating flames of fire mingled with hail-stones of an incredible magnitude, *Hercules* had soon vanquished the Dragon, wrything his neck with as much dexterity,

\* By this it appears that the Roof was not vaulted.

DO N ZARA Book.2.

terity as a Poulterer would spoil the cackling of a Brittish Hen : the Champion (though dehorted from it by the Inchantress) would needs salute this noble Shade, but received a very rough return of his Congratulation ; for *Alcides* very rudely smote him on the head with his huge Club, so that he sank to the ground as dead, wallowing up and down, as their manner is, who are suddenly surprised with fits of the Mother, or ( *Hercules* his own disease ) the Falling-sickness : *Alcides* having done this scathe, slipt away very slyly, leaving the Champion (almost soul-less) sprawling upon the Floor : *Soto* was in an extream Agony for his Master : *Lamia* was grieved and her Hand-Maids heavie, but the Inchantress soon recovered him by watering his Visnomy with her warm Urine (the customary way (it seems) of that Countrey to revive the enfeebled) which not onely illuminated his dim eyes, but circum-gyring about his weasand, enforced him to a manly neese, so that within a little time (to their great comfort) he sate up, calling for some Wine,

## Chap. 2. DEL FOGO.

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Wine, which being brought, he drank a hearty draught to the Inchantress, though one might perceive (with half an eye) wrath and disdain in Capitall Characters on his front; which *Lamia* perceiving, administered this Julip to allay his fiery Choller.

Sir, quoth she, I perceive your soul sits heavy on its strings (wounded with dolour for *Hercules* his rigid contumacie, and that your heart has entered into Covenant with your hands (justly enraged to be shaken in pieces by a shaddow) to inflict a sudden and severe Revenge; but know (most redoubted Champion) that Spirits are of a substance altogether impenetrable, and your anger cannot dilate it self to a deserved punishment; how much did I dehort you from so dangerous att Attempt; but the best on't is, your Sun-like Fame caunot be Ecclipsed by this Interpositon; for you were not felled by a Gyant, but a Goblin; by a Don, but a Dæmon; 'not by *Achilles*, but

but by *Alcides* himselfe; O Heaven, said the Champion (pointing to the place where he was knoct down) that what neither man nor Monster durst to have put in practise, should be consummated by a paltrey Spectre, a subteranean shade, and ayerie Incubus; O *Alcides*, that thy soul were in flesh, that I might grasp thy Gygantick bulk betwixt my mighty arms; thou shouldst finde me no \* *Anteus*, or *Actebions*; but I powr out my plaints to the vacant Ayre, and fruitlessly deplore a helpless ill. *Lamia* (whose privie parts melted in the Paphian fire) purposing to put a period to the good Knights grief, by the potent vigour of her *Thessalian* Art, called up the Ghosts of \* *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, who playing upon their heavenly Harps, made most dulcid melody; Then entered *Flora*, accompanid with a drove of *Dryades* (clad in green, their heads encircled with Flowery Anadems) who hand in hand danced the Spanish way, to the Champions unspeakable Contentment; By this time the Sunne was sunk

\* Two sturdy  
Wrestlers.

\* Two fa-  
mous Fls.  
S. 3.

## Chap. II DEL FOGO.

22

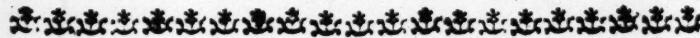
sunk neer his Evening Region, to  
Glaycas infinite joy, who thought  
each minute an Age, till she had  
tasted those Oily sweets (which she  
resolved to retaliate with Amber-  
Suds) that every Errant Knight pro-  
strates at the Port-Cullis of his Pa-  
ramour.

CHAP.



## CHAP. III.

Lamia and the Champion are transported through the Ayre in a Charriot drawn by two flying Dragons, to the Vale of Vassalage. The manner how Witches wed themselves to the Devil. They visit Charons house, where they find his Wife Fatua at her Huswifery. Charons Canticle. They pass over the River Styx, coming to the very gates of Barathrum, where they hear Pluto's Proclamation.



Lamia lay naked in her Bed,  
and Zara's self lay by,  
Upon his flesh she fiercely fed,  
more sweet then Pork or Pye, &c.

Our Champion and his beauteous  
Mistress were no sooner secluded  
in the fitken walls of a rich bed, but  
he performed those rites due to those  
twin-Goddesses, *Concupiscentia* and  
*Cytherea*, while *Soto* (like a faithfull  
Squire)

Squire) accommodated *Founder*, foot with Fodder, and other conveniences, hanging up his Master Armour, his Sword, Mace, and other Martiall properties (as he hoped) in the Acænall of *Janus*; for though *Soto* could willingly brook the brunt of a Bickering, the fatallity of a Fight, and the consternation of a Combat, yet <sup>\* Soto's El log c.</sup> he was no foe to a tranquillious subsistence, no peace-hater, or profest enemy to <sup>\* A famous</sup> *Comus*: Having disposed of all things most methodically, he departed to his bed with much grieve <sup>fat Cook,</sup> (Heaven knows) that what his Master <sup>canonized</sup> presided, could not be his example. <sup>by Pope Sylvester the 22 after he had bin worshipped many Ages, by the Greeks with divine Honours. See Cooks In- bit. Tome 30. p. 1003.</sup>

Return we now to our thrice-Renowned Knight, and his Spel-charming Associate, the courteous *Zamia*, who having reciprocally recreated themselves almost to a surfeit, suffered *Somnus* to make prize of their senses. *Doing causes Drowsiness*: But they had not slept six hundred minutes ere *Zamia* call'd to mind, what till then was slipt from her memory, *viz.* the hour of meeting her Sisterhood in the Vale of *Vajalage* (so called, for that

in this swarthy Grot the Inchantress and her co-partnrrs did Homage to the King of Flames) she threw her self out of the bed with such violence, that the Champion awaked, and desiring his Dear to give him the cause of her so impetuous arrisall ; she answered, My dear Servant, it is no time now to use prolix Narrations, please to desert the bed, you shal soon know the cause why I left you. *Zara* (who was now as true a Lover as ever offered Incense to *Apbrodite*) soon obeyed his Mistris commands, and was presently (as already she had served her self) Anointed, from head to foot with an Unguent, whose savor might aptly be compar'd to that \*Chymical Dew extracted from the dung of an Infant ; this done, they adorned their bodies with the same weeds worn the day before, and then *Lamia* (having girded her Magicall Cincture about her wast) approached the Hearth, where (by the wondrous operation of her Art) the fire was neyer extinct, the immortall Flame deriving its pedigree from that Cælestiall un-extinguishable Brand which was born before

\* *Oleum  
Sordidum  
Infantium.*  
See *Culpeps  
Herb. Dispens.*  
Glossy, p. 100

fore the mighty *Darius*, when he marched against little great *Alexander*, to make proof which of them two merited the Worlds moytie; Into this fire she flung a great many poysontous Weeds, which (with a rusty knife) she had lately cropped on Mount *Caucasus*, and other Cambrian Promontories before the break of day; to this she added \* the entrails of those ominous Birds, the Owl and hoars Night-Raven, blended with red Storax, and the blood of a Lapwing, the shavings of a Shooing-horn, the feathers of a Salamander, the cry of a Mandrake, and the tongue of a Jews-Harp; this done, she entred her Orbicular Goale (taking the Champion with her, who stood trembling all the time, and let none marvell if the most Magnanimous man living be appalled at the approach of Devils, there being no greater Antipathy to be imagined, then between a terrestriall substance, and an Inhabitant of *Orcus*) making the very basis of this vast Ball to totter with her first Accents, repeating this coercive Charm:

\* See Doctor  
Lambs A.  
phorims,  
lib 2. tract.  
17. Aphor.  
1000000.

\* The Reader must  
take heed that he read

not this  
Charm ei-  
ther in pri-  
vate with  
his face East  
by North  
when the  
winds are  
high, or af-  
ter Sun-set.

\* Great Heccate, Reclresse of shades,  
Plashey Grots, and gloomy Glades.

Neptunes never-failing Friend,  
Whom Night-Goblins do attend:

Flitting from their Ponds and Lakes,  
From myrie Boggis, and thorny Brakes.

By whose beams (when Sol's away)  
Span-long Infants sport and play.

By the Lapland Haggis boarshum,  
And great Demogorgons Drum.

By the Mandrakes killing cry,  
And the Owls harsh melody.

By Alecto's Snaky Twine,  
And the Tyre of Proserpine.

By fiery Phlegeton and Styx,  
And Puck-Hayries Genetrix.

Left I ding thee down to Hell  
(By the vigour of my Spell)

Ayde, O ayde my great deyres,  
By those ever-wandering Fires,

That lead Travailers astray  
All the night, till break of day.

This

This potent, and never-equall'd Incantation (dangerous to be utterated by the Reader in an audible tone) was no sooner uttered by the Inchantress, but it tonitruated horribly, fulminating promiscuously from all parts of the troubled Hemisphere, the Earth was shaken with an Ague fit, huge Oaks were torn up by the roots, and steong Structures levell'd with the ground, when behold a Chariot (seeming all of fire) drawn by a couple of Comets in the shapes of Dragons, received *Lamia* and the Champion, who travail'd through the ayre till they came ro the Vale of *Vassalage*, where allighting, they found the mighty Monarch of *Gebenna* (\* his bulk like some huge Mountain horned like a Goat, his feet resembling Serpents, two rowes of Teeth, each longer then the Mast of a Ship,) sitting beneath a Cypresse Tree, to whose Trunk (as his manner alwayes was) he turned his prodigious face, allowing all, or most part of

\* The description of the Devill, according to the frequent confessions of Witches & Sorcerers.

his back parts only to be kissed, which all there (with most humble obeysance) saluted, and then with a joyn

\* The same with that of Pasquil, de lib. 30 claw a Churle (i.e. the Devil) by the Arse he'll shue in your hand.

Acclamation (crying \* *Har, Har,*) they joyned in an Antick Dance; which finished, each Sorceress had the fruition of her Incubus, *Lamia* not excepted, which exceedingly stirred the Champions choller; After this, they sat down to feast, the Earth, Ayr, and Seas being plundred of its Inhabitants, to satiate these Sorcerous wretches; the Champion (who never gave his Teeth cause to curse his Tardity) fed with the formost, but the spight was, the eating time being over, he could not mix with the rest in the Coranto; for the truth was, our Champions Parents were no Courtiers, nor himself ever acquainted with the nice Puntilloes of Kings Pallaces; All being vanished on a sudden, our Knight and *Lamia* were left alone, who preparing to take Coach in order to their Journey homeward, the courageous *Don* grasping his Mistris snowy hand, thus divul'd himself:

So many and so great (most mellifluous

fluous Madam) have those favours bin  
extended to me your worthless Ser-  
vitor, that were my head stuffed with  
the wit of *Hermes*, my fore-head deck-  
ed with the branches of *Pan*, my eyes  
irradiated with the fulgency of *Sol*,  
my cheeks adorned with the Roses of  
*Ganymede*, my nose still running with  
divine *Nepenthe*; my lipps qualified  
with a Carnation tincture, my teeth  
of that very Ivory which pieced up  
the shoulder of *Pelops*, my beard the  
Beosome of heaven, my neck a Phari-  
an Tower, my shoulders bearing up  
the world with *Atlas*, my arms sphea-  
ring the Earth, my hands graiping  
both Poles, my belly more big then  
the Tun at Heildebergh, my thighes  
strutting like a Rhodian Coluss, my  
legs supporters of the Globe, and my  
feet like those of *Erichtonius*, yet I  
could never be Master of such a Gra-  
titude as might refun'd the sixtieth  
part of your incomparable indulgen-  
cy; adde but one more to all your  
past favours, and make me eternally  
yours. I have heard that *Ulysses* and  
*Aegeas*, \* I will not name *Hercules*, (the  
true Types of me) had the happiness <sup>Rememb're</sup> <sup>bring his a/s</sup> <sup>front, chap. 3</sup> to

to visit that dark Dungeon where the damned dwell, and to have commerce with those Æthereal souls that dance together in the Elision Shades, and yet returned (safe and sound) to their terrestrial abodes; I would fain know what is done in the other World, though I have no ambition to injure any there, or (with Hercules) to captivate *Cerberus*.

That you may know (said *Lamia*) what an immense power you have over me (though the Adventure be dreadfull and dangerous) you shall have the fruition of your desires, be sure you enjoyn your tongue the strictest silence; this said, she and the Champion re-entered their Charriot, being transported over Woods, Cities, Seas, Villages, and tops of tall Steeples, and in a trice arrived at that very place where (after solemn Sacrifice to his Mothers soul) *Ulysses* began his Progress to *Pluto's* Monarchy; here they disburthened their Caroach, and the Inchantress taking *Zara* by the hand, departed down a pair of winding stayres, having no light save a kind

kind of dusky glimmering, such as some call Twi-light ; the bellowing of black Rivers and schricking of Furies made a dreadfull diapason, to which was added a pestilential smel as of Brimstone, Naptha, &c. They travelled so long down these stayres, that Zarath (who now repented his rash option) imagined himself con-centred in the Earth, and now they beheld an exceeding high Wood, whose top seemed to touch the Clouds, every Tree had its branches laden with a kind of swarthy Fruit resembling Cucumbers, each of them including a damned soul, who were incessantly tormented in the bowels of these Cucumbers, without hope of Infranchisement : Having past this Wood, they arrived at the very brink of the River Styx, whose dark waves evaporated a thick smoak ; here they found Charons Boat (with onely one Oar in it) fastned to part of that Cottage where the grisly Ferriman resided, but no Boat-man to be met with ; the occasion of Charons absence was this, Pluto had newly married his eldest daughter *Tenebrosa* to the great Duke

Mara-

Maratbron, whose Territories extended from Phlegeton to the Lake Avernum, having under his command sixty Legions ; and this wither'd Waterman had imployment as Pilot in Pluto's chief Galeon, to convey the Princely pair and their Retinew over Acheron to their own Dominions; the Inchantress was extreamly vexed to find Charon a non-resident, insomuch that she was once resolved to punish Hell and Heaven, as culpable of a contumacy, when behold Charons Consort (*Fatua*) a Matron of much gravity, and daughter to Chaos and Nox, fell at the Inchantress feet, beseeching her not to be offended at her husbands absence, relating that his Prince had summoned his service, withall intreating her to approach her homely Mansion; *Lamia* and the Champion were not shie to enter this homely Pavillion, where they found a candid Reception from the aged *Fatua*, who upon their entrance threw a kind of Gum into the fire (made of a kind of Pumice, much resembling the British Turf) by vertue whereof, the Room where they were seemed more lumenous

nous then the House of Sol, they received celestiall Visions, and fancied themselves equal with the Gods, they had not long injoyed this beatifical Vision, but they heard the aged Ferrimans voyce, who sang the following Canticle, walking upon the Surges.

## SONG.

1.

**F**oolish Mortalls (fed with Pap)  
(Sporting in cold Tellus lap)  
Alwayes scraping, alwayes scoring,  
Alwayes drinking, alwayes whoring,  
you spend your lives,  
with wag-tayl'd Wives,  
While the subtil Syrens rock ye,  
Till your proud flesh make ye pockey.  
Driving Acres down your Gu'ets,  
Till you dine with butter'd Bullets,  
Drink and drab, study and stare on.  
You must all conclude with Charon.

2.

Wash your throats with Wine and Werr,  
The Gods made man to make them sport;  
Ny can ye ere be called men,  
Though ye write threescore and ten;

Y'are

Y'are leaden Daddies,  
To light Ladies,

*Ships floating on a Sea of Glass,  
The Stagerite was but an Ass.*

*Drink and drab, study and stare on,  
You must all conclude with Charon.*

*Semence.*

By this time the grey-bearded Oar-man had gained his Hive, and with a chearfull hum saluted *Lamia* and the Champion after his rustic manner, who returned him more Comple-melltall Retribution: The Inchan-tress had no need to inform him of her design, \* *None ever toucht the Strond of Styx, but they ballasted Chārons Boat*: wherefore taking leave of *Fatua*, they immediately Imbarqued themselves, the tough old Siegnior (having been well feasted in the Court of Pluto) rugg'd at the Oare like any Terrestriall Barge-man against Wind and Tide; but by that time they were half way over *Styx*, they espyed an aged \* person all na-ked,

\* He is ve-  
ry oblivious  
that knows  
not this old  
mans name  
See Apulei-  
us his Gol-  
den Calf, li.  
6. p 12.

ked, of a venerable Aspect (very neer them) crying out for help, for that he was in danger of drowning: The Champion ( moulded of a noble mind) was proffering him his hand, had not *Lamia* hindered him, who related unto him briefly what this old man was, and how inevitable a ruine had ensued, in case he had affor ded him aide; ere her Caution found period, they were within sight of shoar, where they landed, giving *Charon* his usuall Sallary, who (wondering what Mister Wights these were, since he had not above thrice before had experience of the like) took his leave with more Ceremony then usuall, and returned to his Wherry.

The place where the Sorceress and our Champion now were, seemed a Marish ground, or rather a perfect Quagmire over-grown with blasted Reeds, and withered Sedge, yet of so solid a surface, that they tramped as upon Scythian Ice; being past this Bog, they presently came to the very

very Gates of Barathrum, fashion'd of  
burnisht Brass, which (contrary to  
Ancient and Modern belief) were fast  
locked, for that the God of Ghosts  
had lately made Proclamation.

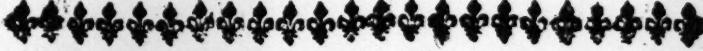
Minos Pro-  
clamation

**F**orasmuch as our Brother Jupiter, King of Heaven (minding  
merly his peculiar interest and self-  
glo:ry) daily Delegates numberless  
multitudes of the more leprous, tur-  
bulent, and factious sort of souls from  
our Territories, to the disturbance of  
our Wealth, and apparent Assassination  
of our Monarch, while we are in dai-  
ly danger of devonizing by the ma-  
levolent combinations of cursed spi-  
rits; These are therefore to wil and  
command you Cerberus, our chiefe  
Porter in ordinary, with the assist-  
ance of Our trusty and well-beloved  
Minos, Lord chief Justice of Tartar-  
rus, that none of what condition or  
quality soever, be permitted to passe  
as Pilgrims, or otherwise) into our  
Dominions, that shall not be able to  
render an account of their good be-  
haviour

habour in the upper World, and wil-  
lingly take the Oath of Allegiance  
and Supremacy: This you are not to  
fail at your utmost perill;

Witness our Self, at Ætna.

The horrid clamours that were  
heard within, made the Champion  
wish himself in that very Cave again,  
where the Bear baited him; But there  
is no receding now; \* *He who sets his foot upon Hells Threshold, shall be enforced to enter the house.*



CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

The Inchantress and Sara visit the innermost parts of Hell. A description of the various torments inflicted on the damned, till now not known. Thence they pass to Elizium, where they find all in uproar, and return to Lamia's abode.

Lamia and the Champion had returned without their errand, had not Minos (who knew the Inchantress knock) commanded Gerberus to paw open the Gates, yet though the Judge were a great honourer of Lamia and the Champion, he durst not permit them to pass on till they had taken the \* Oath, and signed the Instrument; which done, they had free emission: Then the Inchantress again anointed her self and Zara (with an Unguent written by the Master of Arts,

\* I.A.B See Cornel A-  
grippa his  
Occule Phi-  
losophy. Or  
Tullies love  
written by  
the Master  
of Arts.

pre-

preservation of his person, though to the torture of his tongue) boared a hole with her Bodkin quite thorow that garulous nerve, which Nature (very politickly) had secluded in \* Ivorie grates, which made him bleate like one burned for swearing, drawing a Ribband of a Sea-green colour thorow the Orifice, which tyed a true

\* By this it  
is evident  
that the  
Champion  
was not  
toothless.

\* loves Knot so amply, that a gag could not have given better security to the Sheriff for a Pilloriz'd Factionist; This done, they beheld all that erring Mortalls so much discourse of and so little know; but the Devill a *Tytius*, *Tantalus*, or *Ixion* were there; *Sisiphus* indeed was fitting upon his Stone very melancholly, a bowl of boyling liquor before him, which he often sipt on, but very charily for fear of scalding his chaps, it seemed no other then an absterfive Posset, curdled with shavings of Ebony, *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, *Caligula*, *Comodus*, *Basilides*, *Mezentius*, and a thousand other Tyrants branded by antiquity, were there, yet neither broyling in blue flames, nor fishing for Salamanders in fiery Rivers; but what was

\* The Em-  
blem of La-  
mia's affec-  
tion.

H worse,

\* *Thia wie-  
ker basket  
with thic  
legs.*

worse, Nero was Cobling of shooes, *Heliagabalus* and *Caligula* were busie at the Forge, *Commodus* crying (like any Costermonger) \* Pippins eight pence the hundred, *Basilides* and *Menentius* (sweating under their burthens) were carrying sacks of Coals into *Pluto's Kitchin*; such like punishments were inflicted on *Phalaris*, the *Sycilian* brethren, and others.

The Inchantress and *Zara* made all the haste they could from this dreadfull Den, and are now arrived in the Elizian Shades.

*Where are no Locusts, nor six-footed Lice,  
But Popin-jayes, and Birds of Paradise,  
Plump youths with backsom maids do what  
they please,  
And never fear the fatal French disease.*

\* viz. Phae-ton, Bremio, Borachio, Brunello, Boreo, Eodino.  
See the Muses Interpr.

Here they found fix of Sols \* Sons (begotten on *Climine*) making perpetuall day, not seated in Chariots, or forced to use the Whip as their aged father *Phœbus*, but walking up and down, or sitting, as best sorted with the society of those sublime Soules, who inhabited this thrice-happy place;

place ; not a shrub here but breathed  
odours, the bounteous soyl was clo-  
thed all over with Roses and Lillies,  
Fruits as fair, as fragrant of taste, of-  
fered themselves to be pluckt by any  
consecrated hand, *Vultarnus* was in-  
cessantly active in plundering the O-  
cean of its perfumes, which he unla-  
ded here, fanning whole piles of Sa-  
bean Gums and Syrian Spices, with  
his purpled Plumes, till these blessed  
ones were enveloped with Aromatick  
Clouds : no Female, here, is branded  
with that egregious epithete of *Whore*  
and *Strumpet*, for all women are in  
common, onely they boast not the  
act of Generation, for then *Jupiter*  
must inlarge his Elizium ; but (as if  
these two had brought \* *Ate* along  
with them) there hapned such a busi-  
ness amongst these blessed ones this  
day, as had not been known iu thirty  
thousand years before, for *Ajax Tel-  
amon* (by the instigation of *Thirstes*,  
a fellow as much mis-shapen of mind  
as body) had upbraided *Ulysses* with  
cowardize in the *Grecian Warre*, and  
(which all *Lethe* could not make him  
forget) that he attained *Achilles* Armor,

\* A woman  
of a harsh  
tumultuous  
temper, a  
broacher of  
brawls and  
fomenter of  
quarrels.  
See Valquer  
de Belins, a.  
tio.

rather by odious connivance then by oraculous Eloquence ; upon this the *Trojan Worthies* congregated in heaps led by their old Chieftain *Hector*, and the *Greeks* appeared in great bodies, under conduct of *Achilles*; so that all Elizium was in uproar, while (as if to powr Oyl upon the fire) another brawl was newly broached among the *Gown-men*, *Homer* having smote *Hesiod* on the head very grievously, for boasting behind his back, that himself was in all respects his Rival, *Pindar*, *Stesichorus*, *Coluthus*, *Lychopron*, took part with *Homer*; but *Moschus*, *Bion*, *Theocritus* and *Anacreon* were for *Hesiod*; this was no sooner bruited abroad, but it gave occasion to *Statius* to vaunt himself equall with *Virgil*, as if *Adrastus* were eo-equal with *Aeneas*; here was a new matter for *Lucretius*, *Lucan*, *Ovid*, and *Horace* declared themselvs point blank for *Virgil*; *Propertius*, *Catullus*, *Martial*, and *Perseus* took part with *Statius*, so that there was like to be fighting on all hands; the *Greeks* divided under *Homer* and *Hesiod*, and the *Latines* under *Virgil* and *Statius*, and it had been well

well, had the horror (like to ensue) made a halt her, for the fire of Emulation burnt fiercely in every angle of this Paradise ; the Brittish Bards (forsooth) were also ingaged in quarrel for Superiority ; and who think you, threw the Apple of Discord amongst them, but *Ben Johnson*, who had openly vaunted himself the first and best of English Poets ; this Brave was resented by all with the highest indignation, for *Chawcer* (by most there) was esteemed the Father of English Poesie, whose onely unhappines it was, that he was made for the time he lived in, but the time not for him : *Chapman* was wondrously exasperated at *Bens* boldness, and scarce refrained to tell (his own *Tale of a Tub*) that his *Isabel and Mortimer* was now compleated by a Knighted Poet, whose soul remained in Flesh ; here-upon *Spencer* (who was very busie in finishing his *Fairy Queen*) thrust himself amid the throng, and was received with a shewt by *Chapman*, *Harrington*, *Owen*, *Constable*, *Daniel* and *Drayton*, so that some thought the matter already decided ; but behold

Shakespear and Fletcher (bringing with them a strong party) appeared, as if they meant to water their Bayes with blood, rather then part with their proper Right, which indeed *Apollo* & the Muses (had with much justice) conferr'd upon them, so that now there is like to be a trouble in Triplex; \* *Skelton*, *Gower*, and the Monk of Bury were at Daggers-drawing for *Chaucer*; *Spencer* waited upon by a numerous Troop of the best Bookmen in the World; Shakespear and Fletcher surrounded with their Life-Guard, Viz. *Goffe*, *Massinger*, *Decker*, *Webster*, *Sucklin*, *Cartwright*, *Carew*, &c. O ye *Pernassides*! what a curse have ye cast upon your Heliconian Water-Bailiffs? that those whose Names (both Sir and Christen) are filed on Fames Trumpet, and whom Envy cannot wound, shall now perish by intestine Discord, and home-bred Dissencion? While these stirres were on foot *Pythagoras*, *Socrates*, *Plato*, *Plotinus*, *Epicurus*, *Empedocles*, *Anaxagoras*, *Anaximander*, *Chrysippus*, *Epicetus*, *Zeno*, *Aristotle*, &c. both Perapateicks, Stoicks, Epicureans, and all the

(some-

\* Henry 4.  
his Poet  
Lawreat,  
who wrote  
disguises for  
the young  
Princes.

(sometime) discordant Sects of Philosophers (being now all of one self-same opinion, *Diogenes* excepted, who could by no means be won to a compliance) were all seated in the School of \* *Scepticus*, not ashamed to learn this in the Ætheriall, which they trampled upon in the Terrestriall world: while they were giving diligent attention here, the gap grows wider, and open Warre is almost proclaimed by the busie ones of Elizium, but the clement Gods would not suffer so dire a catastasis, for *Hermes* entering the Lists, threw down his Warde, summoning the incensed Bards to Phœbus Tribunall, there to render an account of this wild action; the Ring-leaders of the Greeks and Trojans (almost by the ears about *Ajax* his busines) *Cylenus* arrested with his *Caducifer*, warning them forthwith to appear before Mars, to answer this prodigious contempt of his Power and Sovereignty, for he being the God of Swords and Salt-Peter, challenges the sole Superiority (as well over the brawling wives of *Belinsgate* as the Subburbian Hectors)

who taught  
that there  
was no po-  
wer but that  
of the sword  
See Aristotle  
Evans Physi-  
cistics.

both for the creating, carrying on, and composure of all quarrells from the Irish Skeyn to the Scottish Dagger. This sullen Hemisphere is now serene again, and the more peacefull Souls discarded of their Anxieties; the Inchantress gave little regard to the (new-peased) Garboyles, but the Champion took great pleasure in their perusall, wishing a prolix date to their dire distemper; by this time they arrived neer the brink of a broad River, whose waves were of a greenish colour, but full of speckled Serpents, with faces like women, & tayls like \* *Vesuvius*; this was that plashy Purpatory where *Clitemnestra*, *Semiramis*, *Pbædra*, *Modea*, *Agave*, *Myrha*, *Canace*, &c. were eternally tortured, the manner of the torment thus, twice every day they beheld (as they were chaind to their torrid Pillers) a troop of beauteous young men, all naked with \* vast-siz'd Genitalls, sitting at a Table furnished with all sorts of delicates, and after their repast dancing most gracefully, to the tune of *Dido* the hapless Queen of *Carthage*, whom *Lamia* and *Zara* would fain have blest their

\* A hot hill  
in America.

\* These tor-  
ments must  
needs be in-  
pressible.

their eyes with, but could not, she had bin there (it's true) but the compassionate Deities at the instant importunity of *Aeneas* (who himself was also Deifi'd) gave her an *Habeas Corpus*, removing the langishing Lady from her watry Gaol, to a starry Mansion, wher she waited on *Juno*, rubbing her toes, and tying up the trammels of her hair when occasion commanded ; The

\* Champion would fain haye exercised his valour for the present liberty of these Ladies, though all the powers of *Orcus* had thwarted him, had not *Lamia* declared the vanity of the attempt, and how impossible it was to procure their Infranchisement : Our Noble pair had now sufficiently sated themselvs with Acherontick novelties only yet they had not seen *Pluto's* Palace, nor kissed the hand of *Avernian Juno*, *Lamia* would have visited the Court of that swarthy King, had not *Zara's* indisposition impeded her Resolve ; therefore they hasted with all speed to the very Gates of *Barethrum*, which at their return they found wide open, but so great was the desire of their attaining the

\* Mark here  
our Cham-  
pions incom-  
parable con-  
rage.

terrestiall Globe, that they made no inquiry of the cau'e thereof; their Carroach awaited their comming very dutiously, into which having cast themselvs, they were (within few minutes) conveyed to Lamia's abode.



## CHAP. V.

Zara (having made a strange Discovery) can by no means be perswaded to dwell longer with his Love Lamia ; his remarkable Speech at parting. Her woffull Lamentation.

That our Champions shirt was  
glewed to his Loynes, and his  
whole Microcosm out of frame, will  
be no mans wonder that considers the  
length, or rather depth of his journey,  
and how hot a place Hell is, but no  
preservative is wanting that may re-  
store him to his lost strength, but he  
being of a tough constitution, instead  
of Ginger-bread and Jellies, calls for  
the leg of an Ox, and the thigh of a  
Sheep, the desolation wherof rendred  
him

him in his full vigour (so that *Lamia* perceived it was rather his five hours fasting then any other obliquity that occasioned his distemper) which the Inchantress could not credit, till she had made experimentall proof of his \* Abilities; Long time our Champion and *Soto* remained with this *Acrea-<sup>sia</sup>*, this *Armida*, this *Alcyna*, this what shall I call her, -- this Witch, -- No delight whatsoever but resided here, the palate pleased with curious Cates and delicious Wines, the eye delighted with variety of the most glorious objects, the eare feasted with Soul-charming Harmony, and finally all the five Sences fed to an Atrophie in this Palace of Pleasure, yet cannot all these allurements and blandishments so mollifie our Knight, but he remembers, in the midst of these false joyes, these delusive delights, and Sugar-plum contentments (that rot the eater) that his business on Earth is of a different Die, to succor the oppressed, to tame fastidious Tyrants, and make mis-shapen Monsters tremble at the clashing of his Arms, but (not to make our Champion more hungry after

\* Meaning  
how he  
could us,  
h.s pen.

after Fame, then indeed he is) why he would needs be going was, for that he had discovered the damned fraud of the fallacious *Lamia* being far enough (as \* she thought) from the perusal of her person, when peeping through the cranney of a wall, he perceived his cunning Concubine in her true and native shape.

\* By this it appears that Witches are not altogether so omnipotent & omniscient as Gaffer Bodin and other witch-mongers would make us believe.

So old, so wondrous old,  
In the Non-age of time,  
Ere the Serpent fed on slime,  
Or Eve put on her Petticoat,  
She was in her prime.

\* The Description of a virtuously disposed Ma-  
tron.

It would have puzzell'd that Female Mastix Mantuan to have limm'd this she-Chymera, \* the wrinkles on her face might be called Cupias graves (not that *Cupido* is dead) where the Dand-prat Deity sits triumphing in his own Trenches; this is the *Orcus* that includes millions of Fiend-like frowns, Myriads of deep Ruts and Sloughs, in all respects resembling a parched Dung-hill perpetually moistned with salt water leisurely distilling from the Lymbecks of her leaden

leaden eyes, her breath like the steam of *Tenarus*, blasts the Spring be it never so forward ; take her whole face, together with all its furniture, and like Clouds it turns day to night, and mightier then the Sea, makes Moors seem immaculate : Our Champion was wrapt with no little wonder to behold this strange mutation, she that some hours before seemed another *Hellen*, is become a very *Hecuba*, already barkt into a Bitch, yet durst not our Champion take notice of the killing Object, ( Note here our Champions meer cunning) un-wary Narration his eyes had beheld a number of Metamorphosed men turned into Beasts by the Enchantments of this wicked Sorceresse, and to be an Asse was such a thing as made him tremble to think on, desirous therefore to be quit of this foule Quean ( having recounted those many Obligations upon him, and protested the greatest Ardeney of Devotion ) he humbly and earnestly besought *Lamia* to let him depart; for quoth he,

\* See Cæsar's  
Commenta-  
ries in Eng-  
lish.

he,\* the Rust of Ease feeds on Honour like a Moth, and to a true ennobled mind nothing is more irksom then idleness, adding he had been long benum'd with the Torpedo of Excess, and so made himself enmy to that employment which God and Nature had appointed; How many *Parthenia's* (quoth he) languish under the harsh Tyranny of flinty-soul'd *Demagogasses*? How many Phalarian Tyrants trouble the world with tempestuous Impositions and Diabolicall Edicts? How many Dragons sleep soundly in their Marble Cels at night who all the day do nothing but devour those harmless Hobinols, that toyl for the benefit of mankind? How many Inchantments expect a period from the prudency of my courage; and how many formless Gyants (taller then Oaks) might have bin hew'd down with *Kill-za-Cow*, while *Zara* makes himself a Milk-sop, a Carpet-Knight, a Coxcomb, and what not? *Lamia* had listned to this farewell (to her a Funerall Oration) very attentively; but all the time our Champion was talking, he might perceive

how

how her sick soul sat upon her lips,  
looking as \*blue as Butter-Milk ; A-  
las, said she, that the Fates should al-  
lot poor *Lamia* so sad a sufferance ; is  
there but one onely Knight in the  
World (who draws my soul as *Bar-  
bary* horses drag a Dutch Caroach) <sup>i. e his Le-  
gacie, chap.</sup>  
and do I finde his love loose in the <sup>12.</sup>  
hilts ? who like those who chuse ra-  
ther to lye on boards then beds, with  
blocks for pillows, despises the silken  
delicacies of Repose, to tread the  
path of Tumult, and rashly wishes to  
experiment those hardsh ips dogging  
Knights-Errant at the heels : O my  
*Zara*, wherein has *Lamia* displeased  
thee ? What have thy wishes promp-  
ted thee to, that thou hast wanted ?  
Has not Heaven, Hell, Gods, Men,  
and Furies been at thy beck ? \* Has  
not Bacchus prostrated his blood, Ce-  
res her store, Cyprides her delights,  
*Apollo* his Lyre, Pytho her voyce, Juno  
her stateliness, *Hermes* his wit, and  
*Jove* himself his Heaven, and yet can-  
not all this create a compliancy ? O  
my dear *Zara*, let not thy ambitious  
desire to rivall those rapacious Ren-  
gadœs of old, whose best happiness  
was

\* An infal-  
lible sign of  
a troubled  
mind. See  
Culpepper's  
last will &  
Testament.  
i. e his Le-  
gacie, chap.

\* Mark the  
Majesty of  
these tropes

was to purchase a Pageant Fame with a reall infortuny, and are at best but \*blended with dirt and blood, perswade thee to a tedious travell after that glory which in the grasping passes through the fingers.

\*See the History of Mervin and Fregosus, with his three sons.

*This said, she with her goggle eyes did stare-a,  
(As if she meant to look him through) on Zara.*

It would have bruiz'd a brazen heart (more hard then that Head once so baffled by Mounseur *Miles*) to have beheld her in that Agonie for a long time, \*her looks gave the language of her heart, but reading his unalterable resolvs written (Stenographically) in his face, she rose up (like a fierce Tygress) taking by the throat (to his almost strangling) with such a voyce (for all the world) as *Dido* when she perceived that she must lose her sturdy Stallion, the strong chined *Æneas*, she said ; O thou inexorable Beef-brained man, thy Mother sure was some Welsh woman, who instead of her own fostered thee with Mares

\* As in expectation of the Cham- pions re- morse.

Mares Milk, thy Father some salvage  
Kern, begotten by an Incubus, and  
thy breeding no better then that the  
Boars of *Belgia* afford their swat-bo-  
died Bantlings : Go, but may my  
conglomerated curses go with thee ;  
but if not for my sake (here she be-  
gan to treat the Champion in a mil-  
der tone, yet for that which this  
womb of mine includes, thy \* Seed, <sup>Which the  
Champion  
had convey-  
ed into her  
strength a  
pipe, that  
it is possible  
so to do, see  
Chap. 10  
Book of Wor-  
men and of  
Women's  
wombs,</sup>  
which even now cuts capers in my  
womb ; be courteous to perishing  
*Lamia* ; here she let fall a number of  
salt tears, insomuch that *Soto* could  
not forbear to accompany her ; her  
Marble Maidens sweat brinie drops,  
making much lamentation for their  
Mistress ; not all this could mollifie  
our Champions minde, yed did he  
once more give the grounds of his  
Protestations, that no Lady under  
Heaven should ever claim that Sov-  
reignty which her bright self so right-  
fully inherits ; he would have added  
more, had not the Inchantress flung  
away in a great rage, and locking  
her self up in her Closets, gave com-  
mandment that none should have ac-  
cess to her ; she gone, our Champion

I stood

Stood in a strange dilemma, almost resolved to link himself to *Lamia* for ever; to this *S.* so very powerfully exhorted him, and (no doubt) had prevailed, had not his fancy immediatly

\* Meaning Banks his Beast if it be lawful to call him a beast, whose perfections were so incomparably rare, that he was worshipfully termed the four-legged wonder of the world, for dancing (some say) singing, and discerning Maids from Maulkins, finally having of a long time proved himself the ornament of the British Clime, travailing to Rome with his Master, they were both burned by the commandment of the Pope.

falsn upon the sullen contemplation of that sooty change, when he beheld his *Minerva* a *Megera*, and his young beauteous Lady a black deformed Dowdy, so that he commanded *Soto* to saddle his good Steed, and to bring his Sword, Armor, and Mace, which *Soto* presently performing, the Champion forthwith armed himself, commanding *Soto* to the like, and having mounted his fiery steed, who (like one of \* Banks's breed) danced under him for joy; he called for *Lapida*, with an intent (since *Lamia* wold by no means be spoke with) to send a zealous farewell to the Inchantress by her, when behold *Lapida* was coming towards him, bearing a Box fast locked, and in her hand the key, who coming to the Champion with humble obeisance presented him with *Lamia*'s last gift, using these or the like expressions:

Sir Knight, quoth she, for whose sake the woful *Lamia* wishes her self a beast that

beast, that she might alwaiers bear so rich a burden as thy self, although thy cruelty cannot be parallell'd, who rejeetest a Lady, for whose sake Kings would kick their Crowns with the soles of their feet, yet she commits this Carket of treasure into thy custody, willing thee to preserve it as thou wouldst thy life, a written Schedule informs thee how to deal, & the Gods go with thee: *Zara* could not but stand amaz'd to finde such affection from her to whom he had manifested such obduracy; But as he was about to declar himself, *Lapida* had left him, and was already with her disconsolat Mistris: *Soto* could not refrain shedding of tears (his belly though wanting ears had the gift of prophesie, and predicted a scarcity, after so much fulness as he found in *Lamia*'s Pavilion) no nor \**Zara* himself, though he cunningly absconded his reluctancy by lacking down his Beaver, the Champion thought it vain to attempt a future colloquie, and therefore kept his way, waited on with numberlesse numbers of formless imaginations.

\* Some old Authors report that he wept bitterly.



## CHAP. VI.

Zara having left his Love Lamia, meets with a Noble woman of No-land, she tells the story of Prince Emansor (son of Paraclet and Maulkina) changed in his Cradle : The Counterfeit is exposed to the mercy of wild Beasts. Emansor returns, and is known to his Parents. Duke La-Fool undertakes to prove the Princeß Maulkina a Prostitute. Champions resort from all parts of the world, proffering their service to the Princeß. Don Zara also resolvus for her vindication.

**H**aving thus quitted Lamia's Mansion, our Don kept the beaten Road, riding a very easie pace, vexed with various cogitations, till he arrived upon a vast Plain, whose immensity gave him occasion to cast up his <sup>which he</sup> eyes to Heaven, to see if the Sun <sup>seldom did</sup> <sup>by reason of</sup> were not neer his Western Region, <sup>their sore-  
ness occa-  
sioned by a  
salt Rhune.</sup> but finding he had many miles yet to travail, he resolved to pass that Plain and to Quarter in the next Quarry he met

met with; as he was thus contemplating (turning himself about to speak to *Soto*) he might perceive a Lady of incomparable beauty, mounted on a white Steed, richly trapped (clad after the Amazonian manner, in her hand a shell fashioned like a Shield, whereon was most lively pourtrayed the figure of some illustrious Princess, she was attended by one onely Squire, his body short, his beard long, his face pale, and his hair red, these followed hard after the Champion, who imagined that *Lamia* might (perhaps) have repented of her morosity, and was now in pursuit of him, to give the other odd on-set (by way of storm) to his most impregnable sesolve, and therefore he stood still expecting her approach, who was no sooner within Tongue-shot of him, but allighting from her Steed, whom she committed to the custody of her Squire, she made most humble and lowly obeysance to the Champion, who very courteously commanded *Soto* to raise her from the earth, for quoth he, I love not to see <sup>Meaning</sup> that he would back them in al brases • your soft Sex fall upon the knee, but the \* back, or to hear ye supplicate

\* A kind of for any thing save a \* Syringe: The Musical In-  
strument fa-  
shioned like Lady knew not well how to expound  
a Reed, if it this language, onely she thought the  
be skilfully Champion a very conceited Worthy,  
plaid on, it a jocular Heroe, a sportive Martialist;  
puts to si-  
fence the  
brawlings of language, and gesture create strange  
bitter wives thoughts within me) be pleased to  
and attenu-  
ates the know, that I am (I will not say the  
friendship first) of those Ladies of Honour, who  
of the most wait upon the high-born, illustrious,  
fascinorous and resplendent *Maulkina*, Daughter to  
female.

\* Here be-  
gins the sto-  
ry of Prince  
Paraclet,  
*Maulkina*,  
& *Emansor*.  
that the Divine *Maulkina* having been  
a vowed Votaress to *Diana* (whose  
Priestess she was, and whose Oracles  
she exhibited) upon a night as she sat  
at the feet of the Image of that chaste  
Deity, Deaths elder-brother, Tyger-  
taming *Somnus* sealed up her eyes,  
when behold, *Jupiter* descended in the  
shape of a brave young Prince, and  
had the fruition of her body, to the  
filling of her belly, as saith the Adage,  
with young bones, so that she became  
altogether incapable of officiating in  
*Diana's* Temple, therefore exchanging  
the

the Church for the Court, after nine Moneths were expired, *Lucina* falling from Heaven ( with her two Hand-Maids *Sarah Safety*, and *Joan Ease*) she made Prince *Paraclet* a Grandſire, to his little joy, when he peruised the Infants person so monſtrously mis-shapen, his fore-head flat, his eyes squinting, his nose hardly viſible, his lips thick, yet flaggy, his chin reſembling a Town-top with a brass nayl at bottom, his bulk a very *Babel* of deformity, his legs borrowing their ſhape from a new bent Bow, and his feet displaying themſelvſ very dreadfully ; nor were his internal indowments incompatible with his ſhape, for (comming to years of discretion) his language and comportment proclaimed him rather the ſon of a Plaiferer then a Prince, the ſons of Noble men he would ſhun, to accompany the ſons of Citizens and Car-men, nor could ever be brought to the knowledge of Letters by all the endeavours that could be uſed, to the extream grief of *Paraclet*, and the unspeakable toriuent of *Malukina*, yea, to the general ſorrow of the whole Realm, the

people whispering in corners, that this Incubus could not be the son of the great Jupiter, but rather the spurious seed of some Swabber; these wild reports brought Paraclet to his wits end, and not knowing how to extinguish this fire without scorching his fingers, he resorted to the Oracle at Delybos, where after Celebration of the usuall Ceremonies) he received this Answer:

By subtile Goblins fraud,  
The reall Child of Maud,  
Was changed in the Cradle,  
By \* Tom, surnamed Ladle,  
(Who is the master Elf,  
And does what list himself)  
But the true Son of Jove  
About the world does rove,  
(Not knowing of his Right)  
Being call'd the Fairy Knight;  
But by the Fates decree,  
This Faery Prince you'l see,  
(The lawfull Heir of no Land)  
Within few dayes in No-Land,  
When e're he hap's to come,  
You'l know him by his Thumb,

Who

\* See the  
Book of  
walking  
Spirits.

*Who with his Sword shall prove  
Himself the Son of Jove.*

It were needless to recite with what astonishment Prince Paraclet (and all with him) received this Answer from Apollo, but hastening back to No-Land, Paraclet summoned his whole Nobility, who unanimously attending his pleasure, he declared unto them what the Oracle had spoken, demanding their speedy and serious advice, some councell'd one thing, some another, but after much hesitation, they voted as one man, that this prodigious Changeling should be conveyed into some Wilderness, and there left to the acceptation of his Elvish parents, whose advice (though *Maulkina* sway'd with a groundless commisfseration withstood it) was suddenly put in practice, and this *Perken Warbeck* being denuded of his greatness, resigned to the protection of those Goblins who gave him being; this action was diversly disputed on by the Vulgar, some applauding, some condemning, and all censuring; they were silenced <sup>For it was</sup> by the arrivall of *Emansor* <sup>about the</sup> with 30. <sup>Spring of</sup> Squires, <sup>the year.</sup>

Squires, cloathed all in green-a, who (by divine appointment) comming to Court, proffered his servie to Paraclet, who beholding his well-built form and behaviour, but especially fixing his eyes on his fingers, perceived his right-hand Thumb to be 12. digits longer then any of his other fingers, wherefore assuring himself that this was he whom the Oracle hinted, his own flesh and blood, and

\* Here was a true affection indeed.

son of Jupiter and Maulkina, \* he imbraced him in his arms, weeping over him as if he had been scourged with Scorpions; Emansor was wondrously astonished at this uncouth entertainment, insomuch that for a long time he remained speechless, but a sober recollection having opened his organ pipes, he (on his knees) besought Prince Paraclet to inform him what motives prompted him to this ænigmatical Reception of one who was utterly a stranger to him; Paraclet again folded him in his arms, & beckning to all about him, that stood at distance (marvelling at this strange interlocution) he openly declared, that by the goodness of the Gods No-

Land

Land was now restored to its ancient Glory, this being the true and only Sonne of his Daughter *Maulkina*, and his undoubted Heyre ; This he spake with a lowd voyce, and then again saluted his Grandchild, while all there gave a showt, which echoed in every corner of *No-land*, shrewdly shattering many Steeples and Structures : By this time the welcome News came to the knowledge of the Princesse *Maulkina*, who came running swifter then a Roe to receive her long-lost Sonne into her bosom, the mutuall joy between *Emansor* and his Mother cannot be exprest in words. I shall therefore give the Reader leave to think as he lists, onely I must not omit what a generall Joy was every where manifested by the multitude, who (like Loyall Subjects) were even drunk for Joy of their new Prince ; \* he that did not stagger as well as stammer was immediately knockt down for a Traytor ; After this, the sweet *Emansor* (according to the *No-Land* custome) took his Mother to wife,

\* O the sweet  
and cordiall  
Loyalty that  
the Ancients  
manifested to  
their Princes,  
where shall  
we now find  
such fidelious  
Fervency !

by whom he has two Sonnes and one Daughter named *Dowcabell*, the miracle of perfection, lately married to a Noble Personage, named *DON FURBO-FALLACIO*, who in Honour of his beauteous Bride, has appointed a Solemn Joust or Tournament, to begin the Twelfth of this instant Moneth, having sent His Challenges to every corner of the Orbe, and bidding Defiance to any Prince, Champion, or Errant-Knight, that shall put his Lady (how exquisite soever) in competition with his brave Bed-fellow, whose shaddow this is; This was no sooner bruited abroad, but *DON-LA-FOOLE* Lord of a Neighbouring Iland, openly declared his dislike, crying up his own Lady as the sole Glory of her Sex, and the most merriting Madam in the World, and the more to make himself odious to all Noble Spirits, proffers to prove the Princesse *Maulkina* a Prostitute by dint of Sword, having cheated the credulous World with a false Report, that *Emansor* was not begotten by *Jupiter*,

for

for this reason he has entertained a great number of Knights and Champions to be in readiness against the appointed day, so that Prince Paraclet and Emansor have cause to guesse that he intends rather a bloudy War, then a Wanton Tilt, and therefore they also have thought fit to strengthen themselves against the day that must decide this Quarrell for Beauty; and this ( most Noble Knight ) was occasion that commanded me abroad, to summon in all those Knights of worth, whom the Gods of No-Land should appoint me to encounter with not doubting of your chearfull assistance, when the most fair Maulkina and the Divine Dowcabell shall beg the ayd of your dead-doing arm.

The Celestiall Powers (quoth Zara) I perceive are Favourers of thy Prince and People, that thus opportunely thou hast met with him, who will seat Paraclet and Emansor above fear or danger, and chastise the pride of that Duke LA-FOOL, else may Kill-za-Cow faile me in my greazest extremity, and Founder-foot make

make a Halt, when I am riding to the Redemption of some Imprisoned Kings ; The substance of this resurgent Shaddow shall bear the Bell from all Ladies that ever yet had a being, or shall illuminate the Earth for the future : But how neer are we to Prince *Emansors* Court, or must we expect a tedious Travaille ere we gain the sight of his Glorious Palace : My Lord, said she, some two Leagues hence ( in a direct line with your nose ) you shall finde a Ship ( in Safe Harbour ) riding at Anchor in the Ægean Sea, owched by a Merchant of *No-Land*, who will think himself happifide in having the Honour to transport your selfe and *Soto* your Squire ; it is but four houres Sayle ( though I confesse those Seas are something dangerous, ) from thence to *Zardonia-pola-Muncha*, the Metropolis of *No-Land*, where Prince *P A R A C-L E T* and *EMANSOR* reside in their gorgeous Pavillions : My self ( my Lord ) must yet further by Land : Having said this, she took

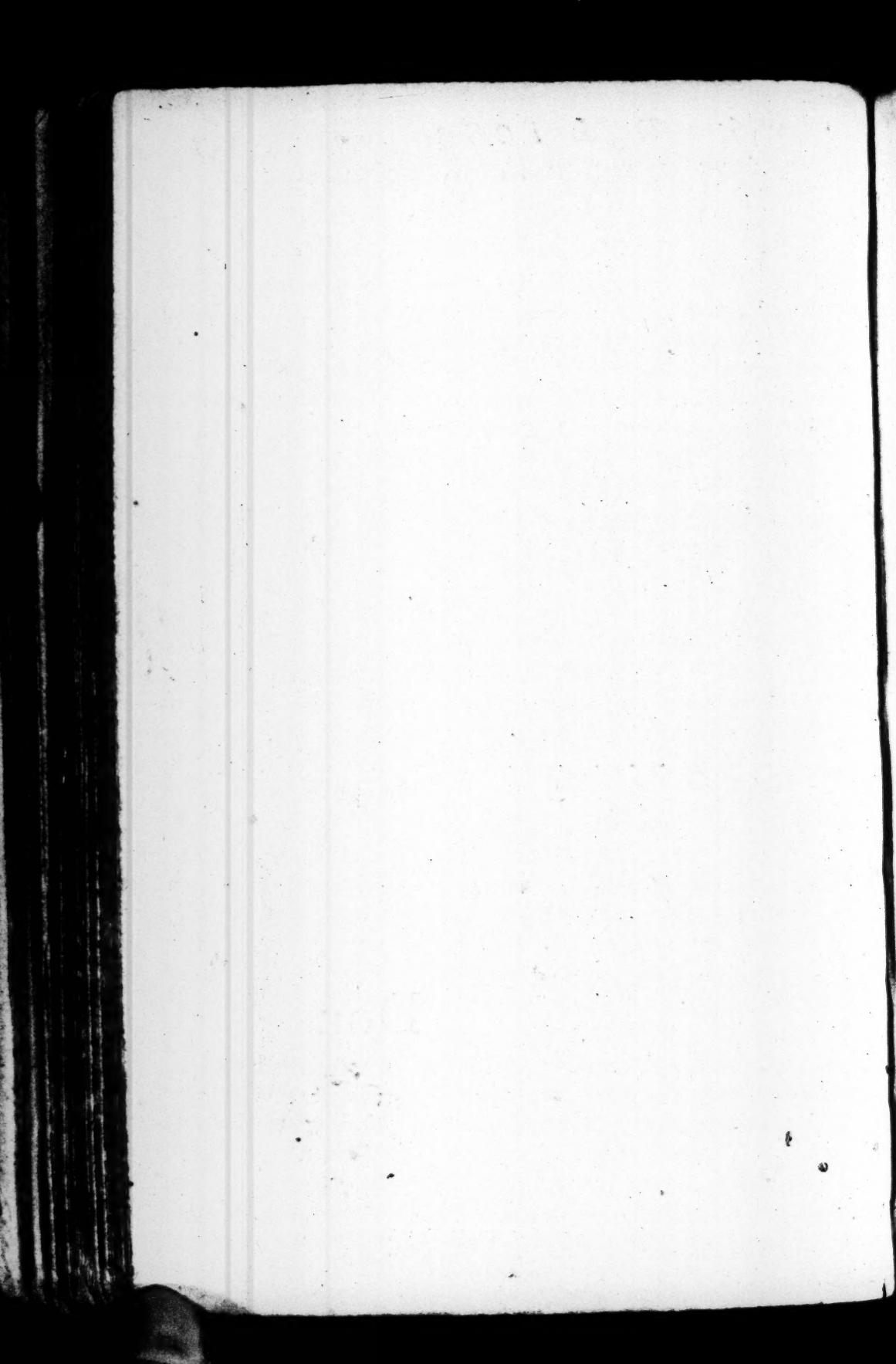
her

her leave in a most submissive manner, receiving a friendly Farewell from the CHAMPION, who now mended his pace towards the Ocean, for that he perceived *Cynthia* began to hide his countenance.

*End of the Second Book.*



Don



# Don Zara del Fogo :

## The Third Book.

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### CHAP. I.

The Champion and Soto imbarque themselves for No-Land, being on Board, he opens the Casket that Lamia had sent by Lapida at his departure from Mount Mongibell, wherein he finds a Charmed Belt, together with an Epistle warning him of future events. A dreadfull Tempest arising, himself and Soto are born from off the Deck above a Cables length ; they are saved by a Sea-Horse, and cast upon an Island inhabited by Fisher-men, where the Champion meets with a most strange Adventure.

Under-foot and Soto were involv'd in sweat, ere the Champion could reach the Egean Sea, but arriving at the desired Bay, our Knight complemented the Captain

K and

\* Meaning as became a Champion & a Knight Errant.

and Master\* very ventrously, receiving from them as reasonabl a retort, they eat, drank, and discoursed together, not like Aliens, but as having consanguinious Alliance, and as if Neptune & Æolus had been our Champions Pensionaries, the wind on a sudden became tractable to their design, so that weighing Anchor, and setting Sayle, they merrily set forward for Zardona-pola-Mancha, the Seas calm, the winds courteous, the Seamen were singing, and the Passengers priding themselvs in their happy fortune; but O ! the ficklenes of Fortune, \* whose blandishments are bruizes, and whose dandlings are dangerous; for they had not sayled many leagues ere

\* Sentence grave and wise.

\* The Description of a sad Sea-storm.

Hyperion hid his face, \* the Heavens were muffled in Mists, Eurus and Boreas break from forth their prisons, bearing storms and tempests on their wings to the (already) enraged Ocean, nor Charls-Wain, nor the Lesser Bear can be perused by the dispairing Pilot, the angry Sea rowles it self in ridges as steep as the tall Pyramids of Cayr, the monstrous Leviathan opening his mouth wider then Orcus, watcht

watcht every opportunity to swallow the sinking Ship and its sorrowfull inhabitants ; nor could \* *Sunius* or *Palinure* know which way to drive the distressed Vessel by the Rule of the Rudder, while (alas) her whole bulk groans, and her Beak and Main-Mast crack, the Steers-man erying a-loud, down with the Top-sayl, keep the Sprit-sayl tight, hale the Main Bowling, while the crazed Bark, like a Bear baited with Mastiffs, strives to keep her Beak aloof, some billows she breaks, others pass over her Poop and Prow.

\* Two eminent Steers-men, who guided Sir Walter Raleighs Ship on the Ocean, when he was bound for the discovery of the Silver Mines.

While things were in this confusio[n], *Don Zara* was fitting in his Cabin, in very serious contemplation, conceiting (as indeed he had cause) that his Love *Lamia* had procured this storm on purpose to plague him, this cogitation remembred him of the Casket that *Lapida* presented him with when he left *Lamia*, hitherto not thought on ; which fatall over-fight might (for ought any man knows) have cost him his life, had not the celestiall Powers indulged their Darling with divine ayde ; but now (as

to the present business all-too-late) he opens the Carkanet, wherein he found a hilt borrowed from the hide of a Buck, lined with Magicall Characters, and Metricall Incantations, promising safety to the Wearer, though environed with Millions of Enemies, & thrust at with thousands of swords ; Tradition tells us that this was the Cincture which the mighty Son of *Thetis*, swift-foot *Achilles*, used to wear, by virtue whereof he became invulnerable ; this Girdle was given to *Ulysses* with *Achilles* Armour (for he had not slaughtered the Woers else) he dying, left it as an inestimable Legacy to his Son *Telemachus*, from whose custody the Inchantress *Lamia* ravisht it by the potency of her Spells ; one of the most efficacious Charms that was embossed in this Belt, spoke thus in Hexameter Verses :

*Oswald, Paradine, Thulo,  
Hugo, Hubert, Aribert,  
Astragon, Hurgonill, Orgo,  
Ulfenor, Goltha, Tybalt.*

Thus

Thus Interpreted :

*Ye mighty Dukes of Darkness,  
let no wrong*

*Happen to him, who wears  
this Charmed Thong.*

With this protection there was also a Letter directed to the Champion in these words :

*Heroick Champion,*

**T**ough your unkindnesses to me are of a more killing consequence, then that of *Theseus*, *Æneas*, *Paris*, or *Ulysses*, to *Ariadne*, *Dido*, *Ænone*, or *Circe*, for which your name (with theirs) should be hang'd, drawn, and quartered, by the common Executioneress *Fame*, yet so great is the love I yet retain towards you, that it not onely commands my forbearance from hurting you, but enjoyns me to put your person (which shall be exposed to many hazzards) above the reach of danger ; the Belt that this box incloses, if girt about you, will prove your protection better then a

*Coat*

Coat of Male, or the most inpenetrable Armour, nor indeed can you be wounded while you wear this; but this gone, you are but the same *Zara* you were; My Art informs me that your Destiny shall decree you for *No-land*, appointing your passage through a turbulent Sea, but by no means imbarque your self for that Ship (Passengers and all) shall become a prey to the barbarous Element; when you arrive in *No-land*, many shall be your dangers, some shall fight you, some flout you, and others fawn upon you, but your Girdle shall give you victory over all your Enemies; Parting from thence, you shall visit many strange Countries, and see more Monsters then *Mandevile*, but at a certain time you shall find a winged Hog, grazing in a Green-plat, him ceize upon (for he has been used to the snaffle) and make him yours, giving the Gods and me thanks, who have made you Master of one of the rarest Beasts in the world: Thus imploring you would not altogether forget her who shall alwaies remember you, I commit you to your Fate,

*remaining the sorrowful Lamia.*

The Champion was exceedingly vexed at his own stupidity, that he had not read this Epistle before, and so prevented the present danger, but yet he would not seem to be amated; How was he smitten with astonishment at this unparalell'd affection of *Lamia*? how did he repent him of his sullen and sudden departure? By this time the Ship was shaken almost to pieces, Thunder rent the Ayr, the Sea roared hideously, the misshapen monsters of the Deep were congregated in great numbers, expecting a Feast of flesh and marrow, and the dying Vessel is even now ready to give up the Ghost, the unhappy Passengers preparing themselvs to take the way of all Fish, yet the Champion views all these horrors unmoved, and while others are sighing, he and *Soto* were singing the \* heavenly tune of *Walsingham*; By this time the Ship (having bin a long time sick of a Surfeit) being over-burthened; now, with what before supported her, becomes founder'd down-right; when, behold, while magnanimous *Zara*, and

\* There is  
much con-  
troversie a-  
mongst Ex-  
positors a-  
bout this  
place, some  
will have  
walsingham  
others Troy  
Town, and a  
third so t  
the Mer-  
chants  
daughter of  
Bristol.

his fearless *Soto* were standing on the Deck, threatening defiance to Neptune, and all the Marine Powers, a boisterous wave whirls them into the Sea above a Cables length.

ONeptune, Saron, and all ye watry Deities, what now shall become of our Sea-Champion, shall the Sword-fish wound him, the Dog-fish bite him, or the Whale devour him.

Behold what care the righteous Gods took for the preservation of virtue; our Champion and *Soto* had not long brushed the azure billows

\* *Don Zara*  
preserved  
by miracle,  
but the  
truth is the  
Sea-horses  
were ever  
very courte-  
ous to man-  
k'd. See  
Pliny, Soli-  
mus, Alber-  
tus Magnus,  
and the Spa-  
nish Man-  
devile.

\* Simile of  
a new yean-  
Babe.

with their active arms, \* but a huge *Hippocamp* ( or Sea-Horse ) gliding gently between the Champions leggs, received him upon his back, to his no less joy then admiration, who beckned *Soto* to get up behind him, when ( alas ) the poor Squire was almost out of breath, and now and then drank deep draughts of salt water, which he puked up agen; \* as I have seen a sul- len Babe eject the new received pap, forced back agen by the thrifty Nurse, till at last it bulge the belly of the Infant; this was *Soto*'s savoury, or rather unsavoury condition, yet sum-

mon-

moning all his strength (as a dying Candle, that contracts its ardour to make one parting blaze) he cut his passage through the swelling surges, with so vigorous a resolve, that though he attained not the crupper, he had sure hold of the tayle of this courteous creature; by this miraculous indulgency of Fate, our *Zara* and his Servitor were set safe on shoar the Sea-Horse (not staying so much as for thanks) having delivered his charge safe and sound to *Rhea*, plunged himself into the lap of *Thetis*, leaving our Champion in the most insannious extasie, who scarce could believe (what his eyes beheld) the wonder of his deliverance.

They were now in a Rockey Iland, here and there a Tree, and (in some places) neer the Rocks, good store of <sup>\*</sup>grasse, here they feared as much to be famished as before to be drowned; yet (by the favour of *Mavors*) our Champion had his good Sword girt to his voluminous waste; nay more, his Charmed Girdle, Casket, and all safe lodged in his pocket; *Soto* had on his Brest plate and Helmet, and his

<sup>\*</sup> But withall  
very scurvey.  
see Dr. Trigs  
Treatise of  
purging Ale.

steel-

steel-pointed piece of Ash, fast in his fist, which instrument of defence he had such care of all the time he was sowced in the salt Ocean, that (as Cæsar swimming with one hand, and with the other preserving his Papers from pickle) he still kept it above water; but the loss of Founder-foot unspeakably grieved our Champion, so that he hardly refrained from tears.

Zara's comma-  
plaint for  
the loss of  
his steed,

\* Ah Founder-foot, Founder-foot, said he, have these hands of mine so often fed thee at Rack and Manger, with Oats, Grains, Beans and Barley for this, to fatten the ravenous Fishes of the Sea, and have thy hide cut out into more Thongs then the skin of Didoes Bull, to make Harness for Neptunes Coach-Mares; Farewell the glory of thy kind, thou Sovereign of Steeds, Prince of Palfrays, and honestest of all Horses:

\* Founder-  
foot's Elogie.

\* Whose name shall live  
free from all black reproaches,  
While there are wincing Jades,  
or Hackney-Coachers.

Soto bore a part in his Masters sorrow, for the losse of Founder-foot, though his grief had a very different originall from that of Zara's, for he (grown a perfect *Thracian*) wisht him there rather to feed on, then ride on, and indeed his Sea-fickness made an Apology for the eagerness of his appetite, all know what a civill war the tumbling of the vessell creates in the small guts, and that those who have not been inur'd to Hoyes and Hulks, are very hainously harrassed the first time of their gaze upon the garulous Ocean. Long time they travailed up and down in hope to finde some shed of shelter, but Fortune was not so favourable to further their wishes, so that wet and weary as they were (their carkasses curdled with cold, and their wembs repleat with water) they sat down at the root of a blasted Oak, wishing for immediate death, rather then a lingring destruction: Being thus rduced to the very brink of despair, and every minute in expectation to become a prey to some ravenous Wolf, or blood-thirsty Tyger, they might hear the shewtings (as

(as they thought) of Shepheards, but indeed Fishermen, who had even then surprized somthing (stiled by them a Fish) of weighty importance, so that they were forced to summon in the adjacent Fish-takers, with whoopings and hallowings, who understanding the occasion of their clamour, soon incorporated themselvs with them; no tongue can tell, or Pen propose, how much the ship-wrackt Zara, and his sorrowfull Servitor, were rejoiced at these echoings, and therefore they rose up, and (as neer as they could guess) trod that path that might lead them to the place where they heard these noyses, so much were they favored by Fate, that in a short time (as if they had taken notice of the track for many Ages) they arrived where they found not onely Mortals but Mansions, Fabricks as well as Fishermen, to their infinite contentment they saw the Fish-finders corroborated in one lump, clubbing all their nets and strength to boot, to make themselvs Masters of some unwonted prize, some crying out they had caught a Whale, others that they had

had fastned upon some Chest stuffed with Treasure ; others, that they should make some strange discovery, to the wonder of the world ; *Zara* and *Soto* stood as spectators all the time, while by main strength and Herculean Fortitude they brought to shoar what they had so long laboured for, but (to their astonishment) instead of Fish, were saluted with flesh ;

\* Behold, a *Panoplia*, a Goat of Armour richly gilded, with a Shield, and a stately Steed (of a Chesnut colour, his Main curiously curled, a blue Star in his fore-head, a fair white spot upon either foot, &c.) and other Martiall Utensils ; the Sea-Swaines were as much grieved, as our Champion comforted, to peruse their Draught, insomuch that they were minded to return their gains to him that gave them, had not *Zara* stept in, and (after the Narration of his late Ship-wreck) besought them to confer the Horse and Armour upon him, they all heard him attentively, and as freely answered his demands, departing every man to his Cottage.

O strange  
and never-e-  
qall'd acci-  
dent, that as  
*Zara* surpas-  
sed all knights  
in the world  
for courage &  
true Maga-  
nery, so he  
might be fur-  
nished with  
Wardike Ha-  
bilements, as  
never any  
worthy faire  
himself was.

The duskish shades of night had now inveloped the world, and Zara (by the suffrage of one of the Fishermen Piscatorio) was conducted (with his new acquired Courier, and war-like Furniture) into a sedgie Cot, where he was kindly received by Piscatorio's wife, and set to supper with a Cods head, and a Salmons tayle, wheron he and Soto fed like Farmers, nor was drink wanting (a kind of Sider \* made of Alder-Berries and Wildings) whereof (having cured their Garments of the Dropsey) they drank merrily, till the time of night warned them to their rest, they therefore came to their lodging of clean Rye-straw, with Battavian Blankets, where we will leave them to their Repose.

\* This must  
needs be a  
comfortable  
kind of drink



## CHAP. II.

Zara arrives at Zardona-pola-Mancha, the chief City of No-Land, the Religion of the No-Landers. Zara comes to Court, and joyns himself with the rest of the Knights and Champions; they present their Swords, Shields, &c. at the feet of Maulkina and Dowcabell: their exquisite Impresa's and Devices. Zara's Motto more taken notice of then any: With other accidents.

The chearfull Cock had thrice given notice of Aurora's approach, when the Champion (rowzing Soto from his rest) appareled himself with exceeding cheerfulness, being now assured that the Destinies did own his resolvs by a peculiar approbation, having so miraculously provided him a case for his skin, with a horse seeming of the Bucephalian breed, he longed to see himself once more in Armour, and to manage his proud Palfray, as none but Zara could do; Soto was soon

soon ready, and the honest Fisherman also, who (burthening his board with the best Provant his Cottage could afford, and the Champion and Soto having fed as men doubting a future repast) took his leave of the Champion, being exceeding joyous, that it was his fortune to be one of those whom Fate had ordained as a consolatory Instrument for the furthering of so noble a Nephew of Mars; Our Knight (having received Instructions from his courteous Host, which way to betake himself), mounted Soto behind him, to make his way with the more celerity, not ceasing to hasten his horses pace till he beheld the great City Zardona-pola-Mancha, the Metropolis of No-Land, whose argent Spires being beaten upon by the Sun-beams, endued a most fulgent delight to the gazer. In this City there were no less

\* By this way be gathered the numberless number of Inhabitants uprisers and downlyers in this mighty city. then nine hundred thousand Churches, the No-lands worshipped a God, they called in their language Porco, the reason that they not onely abstained from Swines flesh, but by publick Edict made it death for any to kill those kind of creatures, embracing the

Society of Scots and Jewes with the highest regard; Zara who had never yet resided in so populous a place, was on the sudden surprized with (I know not what) anxiety, so that <sup>\*</sup> he sat a long time on his horse back in a profound study, but perceiving Soto (who was just now restored to his feet) to eye him with a very strict regard, he rode on, and came to the very Gates of the City, whose streets he found paved with Aggats, the houses twelve stories high, all of Alabaster, and every shop-keeper clad in Persian Silks, their wives in cloth of Gold, whose bodies were even burthened with precious Stones; the Citizens ran out in heaps to gape upon this strange Knight, so that if the Champion had not had a brow more solid than Brass, he had been brought to ruine by very bashfulness; it was not long ere he attained the sight of the Palace built of Parian Flint, and Podian Free-stone, with such admirable Art, that it was justly accounted the eighth wonder of the World; its inside was all of Ophyr Gold, the Beds, Stools, and Dresser-boards of Ivory;

<sup>\* Caution mixt with courage caused this Dilemma, our Champion being as valiant as you.</sup>

on the top of the Palace (after the old Roman manner) were many rare gardens, watered with Chrystalline Rivulets, wonderfull to behold : The very day that our Champion visited the Court, were all those Knights that were met together on the behalf of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* (whose history we lately gave you) assembled in the Palace-yard, a place of that magnitude, that *Xerxes* might there have mustered his Army ; Prince *Paraclet*, *Emansor*, the Princesses *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, with all the prime Nobles and Ladies of the Court, in their richest Adornments, sat in a Theater contrived on purpose for this business, beneath Canopies of state, the walls of the Theater being hung with Velvet, enamelled with Gold, whereon were curiously pourtrayed many ancient stories, the Expedition of the *Argonauts* for the Golden sheep, the Labours of *Hercules*, *Deucalion*, *Flood*, the Destruction of *Troy*, *Medea* and *Jason*, with \* the Loves of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*, the Knights were all on feor (which caused our Champion also to alight, giving his Steed to *Soto*)

\* O. Hero  
and Leander

So (their Squires (who were all clad in Crimson Taffaty) holding their Steeds in one hand, and their Shields in the other; each Champion had his Sword girded about him, with his Spear in his hand, as prepared for present encounter, Zara not excepted; which Solemnity being ended, they one after another presented their Swords, Spears, and Shields, at the feet of divine Maulkina and the beauteous Dorecabell; the first was a Knight of Phrigia, whose Device (engraven on his Shield) was a Dog biting his Fleas, very busily, with this Motto:

*There is no trust  
unto the Winds or Seas,  
Those that lye down with Dogs,  
shall rise with Fleas.*

The Knight  
of the Dog.

The next was a Knight of Transilvania, the son of a great Duke named Sharkino, his Device was a Lion Rampant, but without Teeth or Nayls, with this Motto:

*The Kingly Lyons Teeth  
have left his jawes,*

The Knight  
of the tooth-  
less Lion.

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*His voyce can kill,  
 though wanting teeth or claws.*

The third was a Knight of *Malta*, a man very eminent for his valour against *Ottoman*, his Device was a *Jack Pudding* dancing on the Ropes, with this Motto :

The Knight  
of the Pud-  
ding.

*He who dares wear a face  
 that bites like Mustard,  
 The maul, as Padding  
 macerates his Custard.*

The fourth was a Knight of *Sardinia*, of an excellent form, insomuch that *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell* had their eyes continually fixed upon him, his Device was a *Jack-an-Apes*, playing upon a *Jews-trump*, with this Motto :

The Knight  
of the  
Jackanapes.

*Play on melodiously  
 (magnifick Jack)  
 Untill my Sword shall win  
 thee Nuts to crack.*

The fifth was a Shentleman of *Wales*, *Ap Shon, ap Owen, ap Richard, ap Mergan, ap Hugh, ap Brutus, ap Sylvius, ap Aneas*, his Device was a large *Cheele*

III

Slit asunder in the midst, toasting before a fire of Turf, with this Motto :

*If her ploud be up  
twice and ones,  
Take very many beeds  
to bide her pones ;  
Merlin her Country-man,  
Witness for her can ;  
God plesse her, none in  
Heuropē can appease,  
Her anger's like a piece  
of toasted Cheeſe.*

The Knight  
of the toſ-  
ted Cheeſe.

The sixth was a Knight of Muscovia, a big man, but of a very Masculine Aspect; this was he that stole away the Infanta of Spain in a Moon-shine night, maugre all her Guards, and married her to his son Lurdanio, his Device was a Civet-Cat disburthening her ſelf *a posteriore* into the Helmet of a Knight in ſhining Armour, who held forth his Head-piece very handsomly, his Motto :

*True typē of her,  
whose breath's perfum'd I find,  
Whether ſhe went it  
forward or behind.*

The Knight  
of the Civet  
Cat.

Then

Then came Zara (for it would be tedious to relate all) with a Majestick pace, and was received by Mankink and Dowcabell, with a lowd laughter, a favour they had not yet afforded to any save himself, his Device was an Owl in an Ivie-Bush, with this Motto:

*Ravens and Daws in troops put on,  
But Owls and Eagles fly alone,  
My Shield, Horse, Armor, Helm & Sword,  
Are own'd by Pallas and her Bird.*

The Knight  
of the Owl  
in an Ivie-  
Bush.

This Device was much laughed at by some of the Noble-men and Ladies, and derided by the Knights of little knowledg, which our Champion wel enough perceived, and wisely winked at, though within himself he vowed a sudden and sharp revenge; but the truth is, our Don (being utterly a stranger to Letters) was wholly ignorant of the matter, else no doubt his sagacitie had sought out some other Emblem more suitable to his own serenity, and yet this (seemig) despicable Badge will not want a second owner, which shall occasion the most dreadfull Duell that has bin fough'ten since

since the Creation, as the Process of the History will inform: This Solennity over, the Knights were admitted to lay their lips to the Lilly hands of *Maulkina* and *Dowcabell*, and after the thanks of *Paraclet* and *Emansor*, were conducted to a stately Pavillion, being feasted after the most sumptuous manner; then they fell to Dancing, but *Zara* excused himself from that imployment, as an effemiancy he never affected, who had rather fight then frisk, but for owning and celebrating Healths he was not inferiour to any, till the intoxicating fumes so buffeted his brains, that he was forced to disgorge himself even at the Table, which some queazie appetites were angry at, but the stronger sort of constitutions bore withall, as a thing incident to rottering Mortality; And that nothing might be wanting to an accomplished Entertainment, a Masque was this night presented in the Royall Theater.

*A splended, pompeous, & delightful Show,*  
*(say say) by Johnson, Jones, or Inigo.*

## CHAP. III.

*The presentation of a never-equal'd  
Masque, Don Pantalone (resolving to  
Quarrell Zara) implores Don La-Fisk to  
bear his Challenge, &c.*

Prince Paraclet and Emanstor, the  
Heaven-born Maulkina and divine  
Dowcabell, with all the Nobles and  
Madams of the Court, being seated  
each according to their degree; the  
Knights Errant were also placed ac-  
cording to their severall Gradations,  
and the Musick having charmed their  
fences with a Celestiall Dyrathamb,  
they were presented with a curious  
Contrivance, called

---

Venus.



## Venus and Adonis. : A Masque.

The Frontispiece was a thick-grown  
Wood, replete with Lions, Tygers,  
Bears, Antilopes, Panthers, and o-  
ther Beasts of prey ; *Sylvanus*, *Pria-  
torius*, *Pan*, and other Wood-Gods,  
cracking of Nuts, and eating of  
Apples, while the following Song  
was sung to the Tabor.

### S O N G.

*[sway,*  
**H**ail happy Powers, whose harmless  
All the Sylvans do obey ;  
Had those above fed like to you,  
(On Acorns and on Rain-bow Dew)  
When the World lay in its Cradle,  
And there was no fiddle faddle,

Saturn

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Saturn had still kept his Throne, <sup>soe</sup> and  
And not been ouertid by his Son <sup>soe</sup> and  
'Tis bold-strong Wine, <sup>soe</sup> and  
And Mancet fine, <sup>soe</sup> and  
That irritates <sup>soe</sup> and  
Ambitious pates: <sup>soe</sup> and  
Pan never quarrels with Sylvanus,  
(For every Wood-god worships Janus)  
The beauteous Nymphs are all in common,  
None's the borter Gentlewoman;  
With a baneless love they greet,  
Horns, and nayls, and cloven-feet.

## CHORUS.

Then unto the Woods let's wander,  
To find out Hero and Leander.

This Song ended, twelve Nymphs,  
and as many Satyrs cast themselves in-  
to a figure for the Dance; which done,  
the Wood-gods, with the Nymphs  
and Satyrs withdraw, and the God-  
dess *Venus* with her Son *Cupid*, and  
her Hand-Maids the Graces are dis-  
covered.

## VENUS.

Nay, by my Altars that are reaking,  
And those Lovers that are sneaking,  
Homeward after full enjoyment,  
Either accept of this imployment,  
(Fro-

(Froward Boy) or else He stript her,  
And with Rods of Roses whip her;  
I have often (to my sorrow)  
Felt the Launcings of thy Arrow,  
Jove and Juno, Hermes, Hebe,  
Mavors, Bacchus, yea and Phebe,  
With the God that guides the Sanges,  
(Riding like a Belgick Bargee)  
Will rejoyce (like to inferiors)  
While I plow up thy Posteriors,  
Take away his Bow and Darts,  
While I scourge him till a' smarts.  
Bare his breech. *Thalia* —

*CUPID.* -- had I  
Tane the counsell of my Daddy  
(Whom you cuckold every hour)  
By this I might have scornd your po-  
Cannot Mars his steely chine, [wer.  
(Who has almost lost his eyne  
With over-doing) nor Anchyses,  
With his Piltrums and his Spices,  
(To heighten Appetite) nor Peleus  
Save your conduct to Cornelius;  
But *Adonis* must be brought on,  
To a thing he never thought on.

*VENUS.*

Impious Elf (Aeneas brother) [ther,  
What's that to thee who rides thy Mo-  
Horse him *Thalia*. --

*Thalia*

THALIA -- Spare, O spare  
(Great Goddess) this thy son & Heyr,  
Lest on a Clown he make me doat-a,  
I dare not touch his silken Coat-a.

## VENUS.

Do't, if thou despise thy duty,  
I'le make thee fetch a Box of Beauty,  
From the bottom of black Hell,  
As P/sbycke did (as stories tell.)

*Here the Graces ceaze upon Cupid, and prepare him for the lash.*

## CUPID.

Hold, (sweet Honey-Mother) hold,  
I confess I've been too bold,  
If I live but till to morrow,  
(As Gods can't die) I'l send an Arrow  
Into Adonis Marble brest,  
Headed with a Hornets nest.

## VENUS.

On this condition take thy ramble,  
To make the wombs of ladies wamble,  
But fail not as thou lov'ft my smile,  
Now I'le take Coach for Cyprus Ile.

*Venus, Cupid, and the Graces being gone, Adonis (like a Huntsman) is seen with his setting Dog.*

## ADONIS.

Come my Canicula (sweet Cur)  
In thy throat thou hast a bur

I fear, thy voyce was wont to ring,  
 With redoubled echoing ;  
 "Strange thing, when Dogs forget  
 Their tones,  
 "And Letchers leave their Marrow-  
 bones  
 "Unbroken, in this shady Wood,  
 (Where shaggy Satyrs use to scud)  
 I reign sole Monarch of content,  
 And ne'r think what my father spent,  
 To get and breed me; Pox a' wooing,  
 'Tis fulsom to be a'wayes doing ;  
 My life is strict, and right Laconick,  
 That love is best that is Platonick :  
 To hunt the swift-foot Stag, & follow  
 The sturious Bear with whoop & hollow  
 Is my best delight, — So-ho,  
 Follow me Caniculō.

*CUPID.*

Thanks Jove, see, where all alone is,  
 My Mothers misery *Adonis*,  
 But I'le mollifie his mind,  
 "They are fools that think me blind;  
 Have at thee *Adon*-\* so, 'tis done,  
 Breech, thy preservation  
 Is sign'd and seal'd; now must I go,  
 To wound a wanton I ladies toe.

\* Here the  
 Bow-string  
 cry'd twang.

Adonis being wounded, Cupid goes  
 off, leaving him to his Love passion.

*ADONIS.*

## ADONIS.

Ye Gods that govern Man and Mouse  
 The King, the Duke, the Lord, the Louf  
 What an uncouth change is here,  
 I am in love up to the ear,

\* The deadly stage of love. \* So that I could court (me-thinks)  
 A wench that wants a nose, & blinks,  
 Were she splay-footed, gammy-ey'd,  
 With all deformities beside  
 That can be mention'd; all too long  
 I have done beauteous *Venus* wrong;  
 Great God of Love to thee I bow,  
 "Thou art a devillish Rogue I vow;  
 Fire, fire, I burn, I burn,  
 And shortly shall to cinders turn,  
 Unless some courteous femail fall,  
 Beneath the Parent of all."

## VENUS.

How now, my dear *Adonis*, what?  
 With thy self in busie chat? When  
 When, when O when shall *Venus* find,  
 The flinty-soul'd *Adonis* kind.

## ADONIS.

Squeeze me like to Milky Curds,  
 Drain all my sappy bulk affords,  
 Let me dwell upon your\* Spot,  
 You shall find me cold and hot;  
 But must not fail in Retribution,  
 When you find my constitution.

## VENTUS.

\* *Venus* is  
 much praised  
 by Ancient  
 Poets for her  
 Mole, &c.

## VENUS.

Come then (my Paramour) let's sally  
To my Rosie Bower, and dally,  
Till our Exey joynts complain,  
Then we will take breath again.

*Venus and Adonis being  
gone, the wild Boar, who  
(according to Theocritus)  
was deeply in love with A-  
donis, is seen.*

## BOAR.

I must enjoy thee (upon any score)  
Adonis, or else cease to be a Boar;  
I that despise the Javelin & the Spear,  
Whose murthering Tusks the sternest  
Mortals fear,

Do stoop unto a stripling, had I thee  
Within my power, thou sightles Deity  
I'd crumble thee to atoms, & devour  
Thy laughing Mother in her flowery  
Bower.

Mast will not down, I loath my won-  
ted Food,

The unseen flame does set on fire my  
blood,

Licks up my moyiture, and so loud I  
grunt,

My voice is heard hence to the He-  
lefont.

ADONIS.

Twas long (*Alcides*) e'r thy back was  
right,  
Having mounted fifty Virgins in one  
night.

Voracious *Venus* (void of ruth)  
Has had no mercy on my youth.

## BOAR.

Beauteous *Adonis*, hark ; how long in  
vain,

Unto thy seal'd up ear shall I com-  
plain,

Thy scorn will kill me ; Nature can-  
not save

His life, whom Love shall lead unto  
the Grave.

O pitty my perplexity, though rude  
In form, my heart is full of gratitude ;  
My mind's as smooth as pibble,  
though my hide

Be rough, & I have other gifts beside,  
May sign my Patent for a Ladies clip,  
Though I confess my hair will hurt  
her lip :

What ere this Wood affords shall call  
thee Lord,

So thou wilt deign but love for love  
t'afford.

ADONIS.

## ADONIS.

Honest-breded Monster, canst thou hope  
 My love, I'll first imbrace a Rrope;  
 And on some fatall Yeare resign my  
 My life, foul Monster, filthy Swine;  
 I will proscire a Gay of Warwick,  
 Though I explore from hence to Bar-  
 wick  
 (If thou desist not) that shall wear,  
 Thy head upon his charmed Spear.

## BOAR.

Nay, then tis time to cast of al remors  
 For when intreaties fail, to practice  
 force;

Is Orthodox Adonis, by the Gods,  
 And their celestiall ever-blest abodes,  
 I must enjoy thee.

Here the Boar endea-  
 vouring to express love to  
 Adonis, wounds his ten-  
 der skin with his Tusk,  
 which kill him.

ADONIS. — O I'm slain,  
 This bawdy Boar hath wrought my  
 bane.

## BOAR.

Out alas, what have I done?  
 He is dead as sure as Gun,

M

Fain

Fain like some Poplar (in his pride)  
 Planted by a Rivers side,  
 Wounded by a Pelean Ax,  
 In Heaven now a Paralax.  
 O, O, ye infernall Juries,  
 Rhamnusia, & ye Snake-hair'd Furies,

*The Boar is in an extreme Agony.*

Ye Harpies, Hags and Gorgons fell,  
 \* Methinks I'm hurrying now to hell,  
 Witness ye Powers above, that I  
 Was not martherous willingly,  
 I would have hug'd him, but mistook,  
 And therfore (sure) may have my book  
 Where shall I bath this vexed body,  
 Tormented to a Hoddy-Doddy?  
 Within some gloomy Cave I'll pine,  
 And never drink, nor never dine,  
 Till I look like salt and piss,  
 And *Hermes* summon me to *Dis*.

*VENUS.*

— with the Graces.

*VENUS.*

Here he was wont to go, and here  
 Tellus being proud to bear  
 So rich a burthen, -- O my heart,  
 When with *Adonis* I did part :  
 Just such a sigh I fetcht in soothly.  
 I hope *Jove* will protect the youth-la  
 From

from scathe; sad thoughts do clog my soul,  
Which like to Neptunes waves do roul  
And ride on one anothers backs,  
My nether parts do melt like Wax,  
or Butter in a Basting-ladle.  
What do I see, -- do my eyes dazzle?  
Or is *Adonis* drown'd in gore?  
O Fortune thou most damned whore,  
What hast thou done? lift heaven hier  
Good Gaffer *Atlas*, that my fire  
Of rage may have ful vent; no stone is The God-  
deft falls  
u, on the  
dead body  
of Adonis.  
More cold then my (once dear) *Adonis*,  
His Nerve that wont to heave & stand  
Stiff as a stake at my command,  
Now droops and hangs the head, his wounds  
Do yawn like chapt & parched grounds.  
What Monster more then fel with fang  
Of ruine, would destroy so young,  
So fair, so smooth, so deft a Lad,  
Of whom such comfort *Venus* had.  
O I am wild with rage; thy bulk  
(Dear boy) in a rich Urn shall skulk,  
With rich perfums, & whit-bred crumis  
Rich Odours, and Sabeans Gums.  
Take up the precious load my Graces  
But ware he piss not in your faces;  
For so (some say) dead people do,  
This fatall Wilderness shall rue

Me a                    Thy

Thy ruine Adon, Tempests shall,  
 Tear up the Oaks, the Elms, the small,  
 The great, the fruitful, and the barren,  
 With a Hors-pox and a Murren.  
 Lead on & weep till ye are blind, the while  
 We seat Adonis on his Funerall Pile.

*Venus and the Graces* (carrying the dead *Adonis*) being gone off, Tempests and storms destroy the Wood, and nothing appears but a thick Stage, and a thin-jaw'd Poet, who thus Epiloguizes.

## EPILOGUE.

Thus have you seen Adonis dreary Fate,  
 The Boars ill luck, & Venus wretched state  
 Masques are no common things, specially such  
 As this, that leans upon most staff or crutch;  
 The Poet stands within piting his nayls,  
 Sometimes his hope, sometimes his fear pre-  
 vails;

Trot he's a pretie man, and comes as neer  
 Tom Nabs (whose Microcosmos has no  
 Peer)

As any he alive; If this don't like ye,  
 Next time Cupido comes, & Madam Psyche.

This

\* A Mocke  
 Masque int.  
 ended for  
 the Pres.

This Masqtie (as how could it chuse) found a generall applause, not so much as one critick in so great a crowd ; but by this time half the night was spent, so that Prince Paraclet, Emanfor, Maulkina and Dowcabell, betook themselvs to their rest, whose example the Courtiers of both sexes followed, onely the Knights (Zara excepted) resorting to the place place where they had supped some hours before, resolve to salute Somnus with a bowl of *Bacchus* his blood, drinking so deep, that ye would have thought every man there Master of more\* Amethysts then one, so that the place where they were, seemed the ver-ry Bower where the blyth Delphick God tipples Sack, and keeps his Bacchanalias ; but while they were quaf- sing, Zara was sleeping, but he little imagins what plots are even now (at this ominous hour of night) contriving against him, for the Knights Errant being now (in their own con- ciecs) discreeter then Socrates or Saron, and valianter then Achilles or Alexander the Great, began every man to

\* A kind of shining pib-ble found in the Desarts of Devon shire, which whosoever shall butter and bury in his belly in a morning fasting, shall be sure to shan drunk- eness that day.

pride himself in his own praise, and to enumerate the many Combats and perillous Atchievements they had bin guilty of; this man having vanquished the Knight of the Moon, and Seven Stars, who had nine fingers upon each hand, was ful six yards in height, and was thought able to rout a Royal Army; this having taken in that Cittadell, maugre the opposition of a thousand men; a third having rescued the Persian Sophy, when surrounded with twelve millions of Turks, who were leading him captive to Constantinople; these vapours dissipated, they began to discourse every man of his Horse, Armour, and Shield, &c. each maintaining his own for the most Authentick: This discourse put 'um in mind of our Champion *Don Zara*, whom every one censured as he listed, onely the Knight of the P U D- D I N G (for so was *Don Pantalone* the Knight of *Malta* called, because of the *Jack-Pudding* in his Shield) was most vehement, who articled against him as a man both insipid and incapacious as to Military Atchievements; this was the Knight whose Horse, Armour, Shield,

Shield, &c. was made Zara's by miracle, being (by an unparalleld providence) drag'd to shoar by Fishermen, and by them conferr'd on our Champion, as the first Chapter of this Book has inform'd; for *Don Pantalone* (being bound for *No-land*) was shipwackt on those very Seas where our Champion was cufft over-board, and was the onely mortall except a Spartane Spaniell) that escaped the danger (as it seems) by the agility of his arms, and now this most dangerous and degenerate Knight (envying the boon of Heaven) would recover those Emoluments by force, which (no doubt) were worthily torn from him by the fraud of Fate, openly owning the Horse, Armour, and Shield, and execrably protesting that he would be Master of them within forty hours, or leave his dead body as a witness of his Devoyre; this Resolve was highly praised by some, and as much cryed down by others; but *Pantalone* was too proud to hearken to dehortments, and therefore (betwixt drunk and sober) he wrote a Chal-

lenge, desiring the Knight of the Ape (for so was *Don-La-Fisk* the Knight of *Sardinia* called, because of the Ape playing on a Jewes-Trump in his Shield) to carry it about \* eight in the morning to our Champion *Don Zara*; This done, (being scarce able to tipple any longer) the Knights adjourned their House for some hours.

\* The time  
that all  
Challenges  
ought to be  
carried, or  
not at all.  
See the Or-  
dinance con-  
cerning Du-  
ells.

CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

Don Zara first appears in the Lists, where Don-la-Fisk presents him with Pantalones Challenge ; His stern reply. Duke-la-Fool with two thousand armed Knights enters the Lists, and is totally routed by Zara. He is deeply enamoured on the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia, to whom he directs an Epistle, &c.

THE Sun had no sooner seated himself in his flaming Throne, but the Heralds (by sound of Trumpet) warned the Knights Errant to meet in the Palace-yard, there to betake themselves to the busynesse of the day, but those intoxicating fumes that usually attend ebriety, had so sealed up their senses, that you would have thought Knight Errantry both dead and buried, had not the truely valiant and most redoubted **DON ZARA DEL FOGO** appeared (with **SOTO**) compleatly Armed, mounted

mounted on his courageous Courier, whom he called after the name of his late lost Palfray, Founder-foot, and brandishing his bright weapon (like another *Aetorides*) he seemed to denounce Defiance to all under the Cope; nor, indeed, was he over-confident of his Abilities, though having had but little experience hitherto of his own Fortitude; for by instinct (as it were) he on the sudden became sensible of the wondrous vigour absconded in the mysterious folds of his Charmed Belt, which (as by a providence unthought of, or unseen) could protect him from the edge of ravenous steel, though Tilted at him by the same\* man that tore off *Acbelous* his horn, and (being in a rage) threw it into *Troy-novant*, where being taken up (as if it had been sent from Heaven) it became the\* City badge, though (I know not for what cause) it be not quartered with their Arms; he had not long travers'd the lists, but the Knight of the Ape, *Don La Fisk*, on foot, onely with his Battle-Ax and bastinado, saluted him, proposing a written paper unto him, which

\* See Myrtagogus Poeticus, or the Muses Interpreter, fol. 20000.

¶ *Cornucopia*

which put our Champion into much perplexity, not that he dreaded a Challenge from the most approved Knight in the World, but lest he should be lyable to the castigation of the censorious, as one not acquainted with Alphabetical Tables ; but his ingenuity (by a most apt contrivance) prevented the murther of his Fame, for (as despising so triviall an imployment) he called for *Soto* with as much indignation as haste, who came tremblingly to receive the mandates of his Master ; the Champion gave him a check for his non-residen-  
cy, but yet with so calm a counte-  
nance, that he might behold him without blasting : Here,quoth *Zara*,  
read the contents of this Paper, which done, fold it up for Bum-fodder ; *Soto* receiving the Scrole, found it fraught with this very language :

**S Y R R A H,**

**T**Hough I cannot prove how, or where <sup>The Chal-</sup> thou attainedst those glorious Arms, lenge,  
that Achillean Shield, and that strong  
Steed, yet I will make it good on thy Car-  
iron Corse, that thou camst Fellowiously by  
them ;

them; they are mine, and as mine I demand their speedy surrender, as thou wouldest escape being beaten, abominably beaten; I will not rail on ye, but I will Cudgell and kick ye most Heroick Champion; therefore (if thou beest wise) speedily un-case and dismount thy self, sending my Horse, Armour, and Shield, else expect no mercy, from

## DON PANTALONE.

Soto was so amazed with the terrible tenor of this Epistle, that he could scarce prolong his breath to pronounce his name that thus menaced his Master; but from Zara's eyes you might perceive flashes of subtil lightning, incessantly streaming, \* his face was strangely altered, Death sat upon his front in a new shape, more dreadful then ever Painter yet fancied him, so that Don-la-Fisk (a man otherwise stout enough) was lost to his wonted courage, and began to repent him of his ready undertaking so mortall a Message, to whom after a bite of the lip, and a little pause, our Champion returned this Answer.

\* Zara's Indignation,  
having heard  
Pantalone's  
Defiance.

I know not, said he, whether my clemency would be greater in sparing, or my justice in sacrificing thy life (lost man) who hast had the boldness to present me with this putrid Paper, from him whose limbs shall shortly feast the Fowls of the Ayr; did ever so voluminous a vaunt find foundation on so vain a confidence? What is this fellow? or from whence? but No-land shall not shelter him from my vengeance, were he Wall'd in with Dragons, and arm'd with the same Thunder that Jove is; as for you, though you have justly merited the weight of my anger, yet I will adjourn your fate, for no other reason, but that you return my Answer to the Slave that sent you.

Having uttered this (in a tone that sufficiently manifested the mightiness of his wrath) he put spurs to his horse galloping up and down the Lists with such fury, that the ground groaned under his Horses hoofs, when behold Don Pantalone (as eager of Combat as himself) rode up to him with the highest Valour and Resolution, clanging

charging him with his drawn Sword; Our Champion ( who would fain have been fighting with any man ) imagined that this was he who had so grossly abused him, and had there put a period to his life, had not Duke La-Foole with two thousand armed Knights just then entred the Lists; Duke-la-Foole was armed much like that haughty Pagan King Feragus, of whom the most excellent of our English\* Poets thus sings :

\* Martin Parker's Heroick Poem, called Valentine & Orson, Dediccate to all the Nobles and Gentry of either Sex throughout this Nation.

— With a Skirt of Mayle,  
A Helmet of strong Brass  
upon his head,

A Shield of the same Metal,  
which to fail,  
Was not ordain'd,  
a Sword two handfuls broad, instead  
Of ponderous Club,  
he bore a well-grown Oak,  
Which threatened certain death  
at every stroak.

This caused the two Knights to forbear one another, and turn their fury upon these Strangers, what Homericall or Virgillian Pen can perfectly

fectly paint the admirable deeds done by *Don Zara*, who (being invulnerable) had soon sent five hundred of *Duke-la-Fool's* Knights to *Dis*; so that Prince *Paraclet*, *Emansor*, and the Nobility of *No-land* (being awakened by the trampling of Horses, and the clashing of Armour) forsook their beds, and stood to behold the conflict on the Battlements of the Palace, imagining that *Mars* himself was descended from Heaven, in the shape of a man; How did they praise his Prowesse? how magnifie his Magnanimity? By this time the Knights had taken the Allarm, and as one man came to their assistance, But O ye vindictive Powers, what a slaughter was then commenced! Here some lay spewing out their hearts blood, there others headless; here one without armes, there another without legs, invironed with a Lake of blood; nor did the fury of the Fight take any to mercy, save *Duke-la-Fool* himself, and 6 more, who being made captive, were carried to Prince *Paraclet* and *Emansor*, who immediately rewarded their treachery Duke *La-Fool* beheaded.  
with the loss of their heads: Twelve

of Paraclet, Knights were slain in this bloody encounter; but Zara (covered over with blood and sweat, by a Messenger from the Princes) was singled out from the rest, and brought before Prince Paraclet, Emperox, Melkina, and Domcabell, who affording him the respects due to a Deity, attributed the Victory, together with their preservations (in so eminent hazard) merely to his Valour, enquiring his name and Countrey, to the first he yielded a ready responson, but to the other he answered in very obscure terms; the Princes and all there admire the mans valour, but more his modesty, Imagining him a Saint, as well as a Souldier, for what Syntax is there betwixt a Helmet and a Cap of Maintenance; the Princes *Maulking* gave him many amorous glances, and no doubt had fixed her affection on him, had she not doubted his acceptation, being deceived with the colour of his countenance; indeed a warlike Ammunition face, yea so proper, naturally, that it seemed rather a Vizzard then a face, but his mind more smooth then pollished Pewter, and softer then the

Ravens

Ravens feather, as may appear by his being surprized ( even now in the height of his anger, when his illustrious soul moved in the very Apogæum of death and vengeance, so much was he incensed against the Knight of the Pudding ) with one of the Prince's Waiters, named *Madona-del-Simplicia*, a creature of a most excellent form :

*Her gallant grey eyes,  
Like Stars in the skies,  
Denoted the whiteness of her two thighs.*

Her face Rivaling the fairest of the Fatall Sisters; this is the Goddess to whom our Champion offers his vows, to this fair Idea he paid his zealous Orisons, calling her the Throne of Pleasure, and the very Promontory of perfection, yet (such a bashfulnes was he born withal) could not our Champion (though he earnestly endeavoured it) compell his tardy tongue, to deliver of what his heart dictated, though his soul (which brought its own sacred fire with it) did (mentally) present her with a wounded Oblation, burning on her

brick Altar, offered up with as reall a devotion as ever Cupid elevated any; but his love was very ill placed, for *Simplicia*, though fair of face, had a heart more rough then the Posteriors of a Bear, nor did she so much as return one smile to the Champion, who for a long time had earnestly gazed upon her, a thing that Prince *Paraclet* and all there took speciall notice of, but were more stricken with wonder, when they beheld the Champion (without so much as taking his leave) fling away, and mount himself with as much haste, as he had even then bin Petitioned by some pensive Lady, for the infranchisement of her captivated Lord held in durance by some horrible Gyant.

\* The Author is in a pittifull plight for his good Champion.

\* O Zara, Zara, these memorable Loves mentioned in those Authentick Histories of *Parisimus*, *The Knight of the Sun*, or the Ingenuous *Don Quixot-de-la-Mancha*, upon the barren Mountains of *Morenna*, bewailing the disdain of the Lady *Dulcina-del-Toboso*, are but Leaden Legends, compared with thy more solid sufferance, in whose breast the little God seems sole- ly

ly to have seated himself, as in some Magnificent Metropolis, where he keeps his Court and gives Laws to the Nations of the earth.

But while the Princes and the rest were diversly censuring this A&t of *Zara's*, he (with an Arrow in his bosome) had gained his lodgings, Love that in others causes affability, has in him a clean contrary operation, \* as

\*See Dr. Bul:  
wers lan-  
guage of  
the feet.  
Tome 9.

the language of his face sufficiently demonstrated, looking so furiously that none durst speak to him, his Secretary *Soto* excepted, who took the privilege to talk to him, and demand the cause of this so sudden change.

Ah *Soto*, *Soto*, said the Champion, he whom neither Duke *La-Fool* nor his thousand Knights, whom the Knight of the Pudding *Don Pantalone*, nor all the Champions, Gyants, Monsters, Satyrs, Devils, and Dragons can vanquish, is now overcome with the looks of a weak, and (for ought I know) wanton woman, her face is continually in my fancy, and I must enjoy her, or cease to be mortall.

Sir, said *Soto*, this is no such pro-  
N 2 digie

digie as you would insinuate; your Predecessour the great *Hercules*, after all his Victories and Conquests, became a slave to his own Codpiece, and (by *Omphales* appointment) spun Shooe-makers thread, which imployement he plyed to purpose all the day, not wishing any Sallary but to unravell at night: Was not the good Sir *Guy* flouted by *Philtida* into a bondage, cost him much blood and sweat ere he could wriggle himself into her imbraces? *Jove* himself has been a Bull ere now, meerly to back *Io* the white-faced Cow? If then the greatest of Gods, and the most eminent among men, have been Vassals to *Venus*, and captives to *Cupid*; it had been strange if you (my Lord) who are a God, a Heroe, and what not, should not (at least) taste what they fed on almost to a surfeit, nor need you dispair of a prosperous success, for what woman (though Mistress of more beauty then *Loves Queen*, or dignifi'd with more sovereign command then *Semiramis*) would not meet your motion half way, and bleis that Fate that furnished her with such

Mag-

Magnetick perfections, to attenuate the love of so brave a man. Thou art excellent, quoth *Zara*, at versification, pen me presently a Copy of Verses, such as may gain thy self a never-fading Fame, and me the fruition of her who is my Fate, upon whose smiles or frowns my Destiny depends.

\* My Lord, quoth *Soto*, I have onely fift of *Helicon*, and taken a nap or two upon *Pernassus*, but as I can, I will; so having taken off a bowl of Mereotick Wine, he took Pen in hand, and wrote these numbers.

\* *Soto's extream modesty*, who though a most excellent Poet, will not vaunt himself of his own abilities.

Fair Nymph, whose beauties all admire,  
Whose face does set the World on fire;  
Within whose brow (above the beak)  
The Graces play at Barly-break,  
Whose every curle a Cupid bides,  
And many a fightlesse God besides;  
Let not, O let not thy dire scorn,  
Make me wish th'badst nere been born,  
Or boing born (since I am shotten)  
Ere this thou badst been dead and rotten  
I am no vulgar Suppliant (Sweet)  
No Parish-child found in the street;  
My name is *Zara*, who of late  
Encountering La-Fool, broke his pate,

## DON ZARA Book.3

And sent his Errant Knights (poor men-a)  
Unto the bottom of Gehenna ;  
Thou mayst be proud of this my proffer,  
For 'tis my first and onely offer ;  
The Love I prostrate unto thee,  
The mightiest Queens have big'd of me ;  
Marthesia was once my Mistris,  
With Antiope, and Thalestris,  
Women that did great fame deserve  
For handling Sword as well as Nerve :  
O let not then thy coynesse plunder  
His life, whom wrought can kill but thunder.

Your Beauties Vassale,

## DON ZARA DEL FOGO.

These deathless Verses having had  
Zara's approbation, were seal'd up in  
the form of an Epistle, and thus su-  
perscribed :

For the most Magnetick, Illustrious,  
and divine Lady, the Lady  
Madona del Simplicia.

Soto himself was the Messenger, be-  
ing hastned by Zara to a speedy de-  
parture.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

Soto comes to Court and delivers his Masters Letter to the Lady Madona del Simplicia. Her scornfull Reply. The Champion (being transported with passion) strikes Soto on the face. Soto turns upon his Master : A cruell Combat betwixt them. Zara meeting with Don Pantalone there happens a bloody and dreadfull Fight. Soto's death and revivall.

IT was now about the hōur when every maw expected its meal, when Soto came to the Palace where he found the Lady Madona-del-Simplicia with the Princesses Maultina and Dowcabel at dinner, and was forced (to his great grief) to wait in the Lobby till the time of exercising the teeth was over ; the custome of the No-landers, being quite different from that of other Nations, they never inviting any stranger to eat or drink, out of a conceit (it seems) that by their so doing

ing they should prejudice the sellers of Roast or Boyled in the City, who paid great Taxes to the Prince, and were ever the first who \* waited upon him to the Warres at their owne Charges; so that Soto having attended long with much impatience, was admitted to the presence of the Lady Simplicia, to whom (after many mannerly cringes) he presented his Masters Letter; the Lady, though she courteously received it, did not seem the least taken with the tenour, but having afforded a slight perusal, she

\* But though the Lady seemed to slight his Verses in publicke, she often made use of them in a Privie place.

\* put it (not as SOTO expected in her bosome) in her pocket, returning the Champion this Answer:

That she did wonder a man of a strange Countrey, who for ought she knew was no more then a pretender to Arms, should be possessed with so bold a confidence to court her by Letter, whom he had never so much as spoken to; she willed him to forbear for the future any more to sollicite her by Letter, lest he involved himself in a Labyrinth, out of which he could not escape, but with the forfeiture of

of his life, adding that if it were he (as he believed veril it was) who departed from the Presence in the morning, in so mad, or rather clownish a manner, she could not think him fit for any Society, save those of the Black-Guard, being either not well in his wits, or a Coridonicall Coxcombe.

Having said this, she flung away her Gesture expressing the highest disdain, leaving SOTO in as much amazement as Ulysses his followers, when they felt themselves gradually giving up their manly shapes for that of Swine. What should poor SOTO do? to return to his Master with this nipping Answer, were to endanger his skin, and for to stay in this inhospitable place were to starve his stomach; for a long time he stood like a man soul-lesse; but at last his hunger overcame the thought of danger, and hee set forward towards his Masters Lodgings, who guessed the very event of the businesse by his face, but wisely disguising his fear, he

he cheerfully demanded what Answer the Lady had sent him. My Lord, said *Soto*, such an one as neither befits me to relate, nor you to hear. suffice it, she is a proud, disdainfull, contumacious woman, and is as likely to be won by your endeavours, as it is probable for me to make *Minerva* my Minion: This rather increased then mitigated the Champions inquiry, who commanded him, as he would avoid his wrath, to declare the whole carriage of the business. Since you will have it so, said *Soto*, know that she not only condemned your confidence for daring to importune her, but bespattered you with the odious epithets of Clown and Coxcomb. Death of my soule! said *Zara*, thou art alwayes (like the Raven) croaking my infortunity and disgrace, and I believe a cherisher rather then a confronter of those that calumniate me, in saying this (being transported with choller) he gave *Soto* so grievous a blow on the face,

\* The Champions invincible strength. that it made him \* totter thirty paces from him, the blood gushing out of his

his nose very violently ; so that *Soto*, who (as it seems) had never before seen any such sauguinary flux, imagined himself wounded mortally, beyond all hope of escape, the grief whereof so exasperated him, that it gave him (as it were) a new soul, just when he lookt for no less then a separation of soul and body, and (O villainy !) he resolved to take vengeance on his Master as his Murtherer, and accordingly (with the highest courage) came up to the teeth of *Zara*, \* striking him twice or thrice on the chaps, in a most butcherly manner ; it was long ere the Champion (so great was his astonishment at this impudence of *Soto*) could believe both what he saw and felt , but having pregnant proof that *Soto* was indeed in earnest, and of a Secretary and an assistant was become a Serpent and an Assasin, he redoubled his blowes with inexpressible indignation, which *Soto* not onely received, but retorted with almost equall force, so that the Combat grew both dangerous and dreadfull, and it was hard to determine

\* The outragious Conflict between Don Zara and his servant *Soto*.

## DON ZARA Book.3.

mine which of they two should first purchase the Palm of Victory, for *Soto* (firmly conceiting that his latest hour was come) had sworn to his own soul to take his Master with him to *Tartarus*; this cruel contest continued for half an hour, till the Champion (as scorning to struggle any longer with his slave) closing with *Soto*, \* compelled him to the earth; and now having this Typhon down, good reason that he overwhelm him with a mountain, therefore he loaded his brest with the weight of his bulk, ever and anon affording him a cuff or two, which *Soto* not knowing how to retaliiate but with his teeth, at one snap snatcht away the tip of the Champions nose, which (with a Sardinian smile) he forced in his face, who now was skrew'd up to the highest key of anger, and therefore drawing his knife, he cruelly cut off both the ears of *Soto*, attempting (O Scythian ferity) to cram the new-cropt dowcets down his throat; by this one act of Barbarity he for ever disabled *Soto*, who now concluded himself as dead as a pickled Herring, and accordingly po-  
stured

\* Being ac-  
quainted (it  
seems) with  
that sleight  
of sheel which  
Wrestlers cal  
the Cornish  
Hug.

stured himself as one fit for Funeall, which caused the Champion (whoever abominated to insult over a dejected, or dead Foe) to forbear the further prosecution of his rage, and imagining he had most certainly slain his servant and Secretary, he presently harnessed himself, and mounting his strong Steed (as if haunted with Furies, like *Orestes* or *Orlando*) he put spurs to his Palfray (all bedewed as he was with *Soto's* blood) with a resolve to find out *Don Pantalone*, the Knight of the PUDDING, and in one day to rid the world of two of his terriblest Enemies; his eyes had scarce lost the sight of his Lodgings, where he beheld *Pantalone* riding towards him in shining Armour, his Sword drawn in his hand. *Zora* was something abashed to meet him so pat, yet scorning to have his Man of War sunk by a Sculler, he also drew his blade, and comming within six yards of him, said,

Art thou that unmanner'd and degenerate Knight, that but yesterday didst send me a defiance by the Knight of the Jackanapes, challenging this Steed,

Steed, Arms, Shield, and Sword, as thine, and threatening to cudgell and kick me, in case I delivered them not up into thy custody, as the true owner.

Yes, said Pantalone, I am that very man, and will justify that challenge, proving with my life, that thou art an Errant Thief, and no Knight Errant, the shame of Knighthood and the stain of honour.

In saying this he gave his Steed a prick with his spur, who (as Pantalone had educated him) took a leap, which conveyed his Rider so neer our Champion, that striking him on the mouth with his hand and Gauntlet, he dislocated no less then four of his formost teeth, what can we fancy how much our Champion was exasperated with this trecherous indignity; therefore spitting his useles Grinders in Pantalones face (with such fury, that he had almost unhorsed him)\* he gave the Knight of the Pudding so manly a blow on his Helmet, that he had cloven him to the waste, had not his Cap of steel been created by the Chalybes, and dipped in the River of

\* The dreadfull Combat between Don Zara & Don Pantaloae.

Bilboe ; Pantalone (who had never before felt such force) sat upon his horse back with a shivering amazement, but at length recollecting himself, he seemed to make ample amends for his late stupidity, by giving *Zara* a wide wound on his right arm, which could not have hapned had our Champions Belt been girt about him, by vertue whereof he defied the dinc of Sword, but (by the appointment of some malevolent power) that miraculous Girdle (being broken in the midst by the vigorous motion of his body while he encountered with *Duke La-Fool* and his 10000. Knights) fell from his waste the day before, so that now (like the slack-sinew'd Hebrew Gyant, with his hair off) he was no more then a very Mortall, and yet the greatnessse of his spirit for a long time supplied that insupportable losse, and he received wound upon wound with incredible patience ; Nor was the Knight of the *Pudding* wholly exempted from danger (for to a Knight on hors-back, as is storied of the Centaurs, he that wounds the beast gashes the man) his Courser being wounded

in the neck, and having a considerable cut over the nostril, so that *Pantalone* was every minute in fear that his Steed should swoon under him, and lye down with loss of blood ; in the mean time *Zara*'s wounds were multiplied, yet his heart not mollified, resolving rather to dye courageously, then to make a cowardly Resignation of his Horse, Armour, Shield and Sword, and which was more then all, his person ; besides he had sufficiently tired himself (one woulde think) in the late Battall against *Duke la-Fool* and his confederates, add to this his dismal Ingagement with *Soto*, and therefore ought to have been excused from Warlike imployment (at least) for some months. What could *Bermistocles*, *Cleomenes*, *Hannibal*, *Axander*, or the mighty *Montelyon*, Knight of the Oracle have done more; the excessive loss of blood so enfeebles him, that he is scarce able to brandish his blade, or to keep the Saddle, unless he grasp the pummell ; which *Pantalone* perceiving (like a good and gracious Knight) exhorted him to yield himself, and with the price of his

his Sward, Steed, Armour and Shield, to purchase a delivery from eminent death. It will, quoth Pantalone, not only spare thy life, but be thy conduct to thy Lodging, thy wounds shall be sowed up by skilfull Chyrurgicals, and thy body brought to a warm bed; Our Champion is now more <sup>\*</sup> vanquished by courtesy than by strength, being so much taken with this kind pessir of Pantalone, that alighting (though with much ado, by reason of his faintness) he took his Hierde by the bridle, and humbling himself at Pantalones feet:

Lo here, quoth he, what not all the fleet of Toledo, nor <sup>\*</sup> Bryareus, though each hand of him had managed a sword could have compassed, is effected by thy peerless valour, receive this Shield, this good Sward, these Arms, and this sturdy Steed as my gift (my worth will command more where ever Destiny shall drive me.)

The Knight of the Pudding (with a smile) received what our Champion so willingly surrendered, and seating himself on Funder-foot, afforded Zara a being at his back, leading his owne

\* Zara's remarkable placability.

\* A German Fencer having a hundred hands.

O horse

## DON ZARA [Book.3]

horse in his hand (a thing that admistred some cause of distast to our Champion, but having taken a Truce with his Enemy, he would not be the first should break it) riding on till he came to *Don Zara's Lodgings*, the people gazing upon him all the way very wistly, and whispering vituperatively, which our Champion heard well enough, but discreetly took no notice, being now become the very Emblem of the Golden Age, when a Pidgeon shal converse with Vultures; nor was *Pantalone* perfidious, but (in order to his promise) very courtesly caused a skilfull Chyronist to be called, himself beholding those wounds which his hands had lately given carefully closed up, and the bruised Champion laid in his bed, of whom having taken leave, he returned (with his Horse, Armour, Shield, and Sword) to the Knight of the *ape*, and his other Companions.

It were needless to narrate what flouting, and what fleering there was amongst the bundle of Knights about this business of *Don Zara*, every man

cen.

censuring as his fancy guided. The course of the History commands us to leave them to the guidance of their Fate, and return to *Soto* (earless *Soto*) whom we lately left dead on the floor all be-mangled by his Master; long time it was (though he felt the palpitations of his heart and pulse, and that he was as warm as a new-beaten Bailliff) before *Soto* could be convinced of his Heresie, or believe himself to be alive, \* first he moved an arm, then a leg, and at last took such heart of grace, that he courageously leapt upon his feet, but the sight of his new-lopt ears had almost laid him along again; nevertheless (with trembling) he at length took up his Lugs, and having heedfully wrapt them up in paper, put them in his pocket, till time should furnish him with opportunity to afford them the Rites of Sepulture; being thus out of all doubt, that he was now as other Mortalls; save for some maymes which he was resolved to keep from being seen by the help of his hair, he began to be somewhat comforted; but that

\* *Soto's Resurrection;*

## DON ZARA Book.3

very sort of sorrow which in others occasion drought, causes in him hunger, a sharp appetite to meat; he therefore began to consider what was become of his Master *Don Zara Del Fogo*, and to curse himself for opposing him as an equall, whom he ought to have adored as a Soveraign; having therefore resolved to finde him out, (and if it were possible) to reconcile himself, he resorted to the Host of the house where his Master resided, and very demurely demanded whether *Don Zara del Fogo* his Lord and Master were at home or abroad, in the Camp or the Court, answer was made, that he was just now conveyed to his bed (being much wounded) by a strange Knight, who seemed no other then he that had fought with him; Soto therefore enquiring what manner of man he was, and what Arms he wore, knew assuredly, that it was the Knight of the Pudding, *Don Pantalone*; he therefore resolutely went up to his Masters Chamber, but found the door fast locked, for the Champion having had his wounds bound

bound up, and being laid in a soft bed, had betaken himself to rest ; Soto knocked twice or thrice very soberly, but receiving no answer, he multiplied his stroaks, so long till *Zara* being awakened, demanded who was there ; Soto retorted, Your Servant and Secretary SOTO ; at which the <sup>\* Zara takes</sup> CHAMPION (imagining by this time he had been laid in Earth), became much amazed, and in a distract-<sup>Soto for a</sup>  
<sup>Ghost. See</sup>  
<sup>Felchams</sup>  
<sup>Resolv's the</sup>  
<sup>third Cen-</sup>  
<sup>tury, pag.</sup>  
<sup>100000.</sup>

*I beseech thee, thou Spirit of wronged Soto, return to thy rest, and vex not him with thy clamours. who shall shortly visit thee in the other World.*

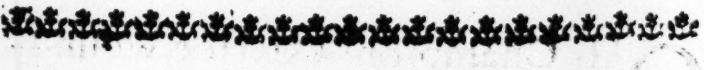
Soto replied :

*My Lord, we are both more happy then you conceit, I am alive, and Master of the same faculties of flesh that you are.*

At this the Champion scrambled out of his bed, and opening the door, Soto supported him to his former station, where being laid he enquired of Soto how and by what meanes he escaped, who related to him every particular both of his death and Revival : I shall the more cheerfully

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welcome Death, said the Champion, that thou art alive; he then began to discourse what had hapned lately betwixt him and the Knight of the *Pudding*, and in the close of all commanded meat to be brought, and was confirmed that *Soto* was no Ghost by his eating: By this time it grew late, *Cynthia* being mounted in the highest of her five and twenty Mansions, the Champion therefore, having imbraced *Soto*, permitted him to depart, and flank down into his bed the second time.

  
CHAP.



## CHAP. VI.

The Champion recovered of his wounds, but inwardly vexed at Simplicia's scorn, is comforted and restored by Soto's excellent Oratory. He and Soto forsake their Lodging to avoid an after reckoning. Having left No-land, they arrive in a continent where the Champion finds the winged Hog, promised him by Lamia; He and Soto mounting their bristled Beast, are carryed through the Ayre, meeting with many strange Adventures.

Our Champions exterior wounds are not so wide but they may easily admit of cure, were not his intiuors mortally vexed with the vigorous pangs of Love, the scorn of his Mistris *Simplicia* stuck Needles at his heart; his sick soule is surrounded with dolour, each thought is a thrust, and every cogitation a Carbonado.

\* Zara's  
dolefull  
Complaint.

## DON ZARA Book.3

\* O Love, Love, said he, thou least  
of bulk, but greatest in strength of all  
the Powers immortall; what has *Don Zara*  
done unto thy Deity, that thou  
art so partiall in thy dispensations,  
emptying thy Quiver at his brest, and  
not ayming so much as one Arrow at  
her whose heart is more hard then  
Scythian Ice, or the scales of Dra-  
gons; Did not *Gylo* wash my head  
with warm Urine, and *Simplicia*  
slight my Addresses as I had rather  
been a Lowt then a Lord, a Coxcomb  
then a Champion, and a Knave Ram-  
pant then a Knight Errant; were my  
strength equall to my will, I would  
break thy Bow and Bolts about thy  
eares, and write thy Elegie with a  
Quill pluckt from thy own wing.

With these and the like fascinorous  
fancies, he wearied himself almost all  
that night, but *Phœbus* flinging a-  
bout his Rayes to illuminate the  
world, *Soto* resorted unto him, using  
all possible perfwasion to asswage his  
grief, but (alas) to no purpose, for  
the Fistula of Love had seized upon  
his very fundamentals, so that though  
he grew every day more and more  
healthy,

healthy, being now able to eat and drink devoutly, and traverse his Chamber as nimblly as a Berkshire Squirrell, yet within he was more sickly then a Subburb Letcher, or a drawl'd Prostitute, fitting her self for Fluxation, which *Soto* perceiving, thought it his duty to take him to task, and to endeavour to drive this Devill of *Paphos* out of him.

How now my Lord, said he, will you cast away that life which was given you to redeem others from death and destruction \* for a Fis-gig, a flurt, a sickle, fantastick, fallacious, foolish Female? What do we get by these Gim-cracks? Satiation of our lusts: What is this fruition we so much covet, but a kind of fulsome Recreation, that flags our Crests, and makes us look worse then stale Drunkards, or losing Gamesters that have sat up all night to undo themselfs? Be your self (my Lord) the Son of *Mars*, and not the slave of *Venus*; these whim-crown'd tumors un-man us all, and are at best but coveted calamities.

\*The Author  
disclaims this  
Invective as  
none of his,  
but *Soto*'s.

This

This Satyricall Oration so much prevailed with the Champion, that he was now quite changed into another man; his heart which before was as soft as Curds, is now totally petrified, and more obdurate then Steel or Hangmen, so that he who some minutes since was Loves creature, is now more then his Conquerour; tis true, he shed abundance of tears, sighing and sobbing, as was pittifull to see; but these showers were but the preludiums to Thunder-cracks. My Arms (quoth he) O my Arms, my Sword, Shield, and Mace, but above all my Belt, the sad vicissitudes of two dayes have laid a foundation of misery for many Ages, bitten by a Bear, baffled by *Gylo*, reproached by *Simplicia*, and denuded by *Don Pantalone*; what horrour has Fortune yet to inflict? My Lord, said *Soto*, Fortune was ever a foe to noble minds, letting others pass as not worthy her notice; the tallest Trees and highest Towers are sometimes levell'd, when sheds and shrubs remain untouched: Engineers are sometimes blown up with their own Mines,

Mines, when Mouſ-trap-Makers dye  
meerly with ſickneſs or age; Dukes  
and Marquesses fall by the Bullet or  
the Ax, when Dunghill-Rakers and  
Maulſters out-live themſelves; Did  
you ever know a Gnat periſh of the  
Pox, Goats and Monkeys deſtroy  
themſelves with Doing; that then  
which you look upon as the Indigna-  
tion of Heaven, is the Indulgence of  
Love, witneſs wiſe Seneca:

*Proſperity and happy Fortune finds  
Out Tapſters, Tinkers, & untutor'd Hynds*

O who can ſufficiently express the  
force of Eloquence! Our Champion  
is ſo charmed with Bo's Philoſophi-  
call Elocution, that he cares now no  
more for a Sword, then an Ape for a  
clog; or for a Shield, then a Slave  
for a Bull's-pizzle; Armour is but a  
kind of honourable luggage, the con-  
fidence whereof cauſes Cowardice;  
and for Charmed Belts, and for ſuch  
kind of Infernall ſecurities, he ſaid  
that the Devils word and his Oath  
were alike, and he was moſt ſafe that  
had

had least to do with him ; as concerning a Courser (he alreadging that it was both dangerous and despicable to travell on foot) Soto informed that the very High-wayes and Hedges, but especially Meads and Marish grounds would afford them a pair of Palfrays ; Heightned with these Heroick Rudiments, the Champion and Soto (each grasping a staffe or Truncheon in his hand) resolved to forsake No-Land, as a Continent onely fertile in Fataillities, and to travell to the remo-  
test parts of the Earth, but they would finde men more faithfull, and women more flexible ; One morning therefore, while Aurora was combing her Crisped Hairs, Sol being yet soundly sleeping in the Lap of *Thetis*, they thought it fit to convey them selves out of *Zardona-pola-Mancha* before their Host, or any of the household were stirring, the course of the Countrey carrying them through a Myrie Lane, almost three furlongs in length, to their exceeding turmoyle, but by the help of their Staves they vaulted over many deep Sloughes

Shloughies and Bogg's, which otherwise might have been very banefull unto them.

Having brought this Land to a period, they found themselves entered into a large, but very pleasant Wood, here were Trees of Rosemary, farre taller and bigger of bulk then any Brittish Elme, with Beds of Camomile six yards high, the Grasse no gowtier then that of other Climates, yet so incomparably stubborn, that the CHAMPION and SOTO passed over their tops without the least depressing of them, as on a Marble Pavement: In the midst of this Grove there ran a Rivulet, not so Chrystalline as they could have wished, in which were infinite numbers of Flying-Fishes, which sometime fought with one another in the Ayre with incredible fiercenesse, many being slain on both sides, but dropping into their native Element they are recovered again.

These Feuds were maintained by these Aquatillians, meerly to please the

the Genius of the place, called Diclan, who sat (invironed with a Guard of Spectars) at the root of a Palme Tree, but his shape was so dreadfull, that neither the Champion nor Soto durst stand him, and therefore they departed towards the East side of the Grove, where the Champion espied that rare Beast which Lamia the Inchantresse had prophesied he should meet withall ; this wondrous Creature had the shape of a Hogg, but farre bigger then an ordinary Horse, two wings expanding themselves on either side of him ; his Saddle (very sumptuously imbossed with Gold) on his back, and his Bridle hanging loosly about his neck ; he was feeding very voraciously on the verdant Grasse, his teeth serving as a Sickle with which he mowed down all before him.

The CHAMPION was so overcome with joy to behold this Beast, that he remained for a time speechlesse, but at length recovering himselfe ; See SOTO, said hee, where the winged Hogg (that gift

of the Gods) long since assigned me by Lamia, offers himself to my disposall: He had no sooner said this, but (like a courageous Knight) he made up to this plumed prodigie, who seemed to fawn on him like a Spaniel; and to be desirous of his services, The CHAMPION finding him so gentle, immediately put the bit into his mouth, and leaping into the Saddle, commanded SOTO to get up behind him, who was once in the mind rather to desert his Master, then hazzard his person in so eminent a danger; but at length (O man of desperation!) he forced himself to a compliance, and loaded the Crupper of this volatile Swine, who no sooner found himself burthened, but he quitted the Earth, and (like some flitting Fowle) made way with waving Wings, through the moist Ayre, while the CHAMPION (like another Belerophon) was carried over Land and Sea, to the infinite astonishment of all that beheld him, the people forsaking their houses, followed

lowed him in heaps, to feast their eyes with so unparallel'd an object; some thinking him to be *Hermes*, others some Magician, such as *Agrippa* or *Faustus*, having thus travelled many hundred leagues, he gave his Hog a check, who gently saluted the Earth, the CHAMPION finding himself in the in-most parts of *Africk*, in one place he saw those kind of Devils called *Onoscelli*, with leggs like unto Asses, in another place \* *Ephialtes* and *Hypbital*, those very things that in the shapes of men and women, allure the very Mortals of both Sexes to Venerie, whence it comes to pass that we have many Hermaphrodicall Monsters amongst us even at this day, being (indeed) half men and half Devils, but whether by the fathers or the mothers side, is not materiall.

No marvell if our Champion were not very well pleased with this place which afforded nothing for food, unless he woudl have fed upon the haunches of a *Hippocentaure*, or feasted on the fore-quarter of a *Fiend*; he there-

\* *Incubi* and *Scacubi*, that leap upon men and women in their sleep; & me ignorant Physicians say that these are nothing else but a Disease.

## Chap. 6. DELFOGO.

therefore having seated Soto once more behind him, gave his winged Beast the Rein, who forsaking the duller Earth, cut a passage to the Clouds, travelling over the tops of Steeples and Towers, with admirable celerity.

Ah Zark, Zark, had thy rude Father moistened thy minority with the Elements of the Arts; till thou hadst grown tall and tough in Scientificall knowledge, what excellent Osmow graphicall Volumes had the World been witness of? and then (with Julius Cæsar) have been as famous for thy Goose Quill in after Ages, as thou art now eminent for thy wondrous Hogg, and Heroick Resolution to visit strange Countries; but it's bootless to bewail a helpless ill, and to weep over the Bier will not bring the dead man to life again: Proceed we therefore with the Narration of our Champions admirable Adventures, who (as did Soto)\* grew more and more ponderous every instant, so that the Swine began to abate much of his

The emp.  
tiness of the  
craw causes  
the heavi-  
ness of the  
carkass. See  
Marriots  
Madrigals,  
and Wood  
of Kents

swiftness, and to flye but with a feeble wing, which caused the Champion (though much against his will, for he had not yet perused a place pat for his purpose) to salute the Earth a second time, but with the same fortune he found before; this was part of *Lybia*, but not so full of Serpents as in *Cato's* time, by reason that the River *Nilus* had broken that way, and made a fair riddance of these foule creatures; here they found men and women with heads like Dogs barking at one another most bitterly, and sometimes howling in a most hideous manner, the comfortable Sun, nor the continent Moon never beautifide these barren grounds, onely a certain Star appeared in the East part of the Horizon, which afforded a glimmering Lucency; the Champion and *Soto* were exceedingly perplexed to finde themselves now amongst Doggs, as lately among Divels, insomuch, that had they worn Swords, ten to one but they had slain themselvs, but making a vertue of necessity (the Champion leading the winged Hog in his hand)

hand) they footed it with much swiftness, till they came within ken of a Castle, situate upon a Rock, environed with many pleasant Trees; how joyous out Champion and Soto were to behold this Mansion (in all probability) made for Mortals to make merry in, let those that have been sensible of their sufferances relate.



Here



24 JY 68

Here Time trips up the beels  
of thy bright story,  
Renowned Don, vexed at thy  
Valours glory ;  
Dragons may now  
securely sleep, and ugly  
Deformed Orks seem to look  
smooth and smugly ;  
Gyants may wield their Maces'  
and their Oakes,  
And knock down Knightbood  
with their strenuous stroaks :  
Who now shall cure those Castles  
that are haunted ?  
Affording ayde to men  
and Beasts Inchanted ?  
None, none, for Zara sleeps  
(to gain new vigour)  
And who shall dare to rowze  
a snoring Tyger :  
Let him that sings his Second Part  
drink smartly,  
Of Sack and Sulphure,  
and then write most tartly.

F I N I S.

24 IV 68

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## ERRATA.

Courteous Reader I desire thee to mend severall litterall  
faults and points misplaced which doth sometime make  
the sence harsh, and turn over to Book 1. Chap. 3. at the  
second line, read, like Bandogs so tormented,

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